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The earliest information the publisher is yet able to collect, of the origin of the New England Primer, is contained in the following extract, from an Almanac now in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

IRA WEBSTER.

Boston, August 9th, 1844.

"AN

A L M A N A C K

Containing an Account of the *Cœlestial Motions*, Aspects, &c. For the year of the Christian Empire, 1691.

By *Henry Newman*. Philomath.

Printed by *R. Pierce* for *Benjamin Harris* at the *London Coffee-House* in *Boston*, 1691.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is now in the Press, and will suddenly be extant, a Second Impression of the *New England Primer* enlarged, to which is added, more *Directions* for *Spelling*: the *Prayer* of *K. Edward the 6th.* and *Verses* made by *Mr. Rogers the Martyr*, left as a *Legacy* to his *Children*.

Sold by *Benjamin Harris*, at the *London Coffee-House* in *Boston*."

INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE pious Baxter, who knew well the greater part of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, says, that the Christian world, since the days of the Apostles, never had a Synod of more excellent divines. The Assembly was convened in 1643; and was composed of *one hundred and twenty-one* divines, or presbyters, *thirty* lay assessors, and *five* commissioners from Scotland. It sat more than *five years and a half*.

Our Puritan Fathers brought the Shorter Catechism with them, across the ocean, and laid it on the same shelf with the family Bible. They taught it diligently to their children, every Sabbath. And while a few of their descendants, now in the *evening* of life, *remember* every question and answer; many, not yet advanced to life's *meridian*, can never *forget* when every Saturday *forenoon*, they had to take a regular catechising, in the common school, commencing with the a, b, c, *oaken-bench class*, "What is the chief end of man?"

If in this Catechism, the true and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel are expressed in fewer and better words, and definitions, than in any other summary, why ought we not *now* to *train up a child in the way he should go*?—why not *now*, put him in possession of the richest treasure that ever human wisdom and industry accumulated, to draw from?

HARTFORD, CONN.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY IRA WEBSTER. 1843

Stereotyped by R. H. HOBBS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Society of ladies was formed in Boston, in the time of Mr. Whitefield, for improvement in personal piety, and to pray for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. The Society met weekly for prayer, "reading some sound and serious book," singing, and other exercises adapted to "spiritual edification." "We also agree," say they, "once a quarter, to spend the day in prayer and other duties of religion, our special errand at the throne of grace to ask for the outpouring of the Spirit of God on us, our families, and the world of mankind." "Once a quarter, the exercises shall be so shortened, as to have room to ask ourselves the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, that so we may keep in our minds that excellent form of sound words." This edition of the New England Primer, is a reprint and fac-simile of one of those owned and used by that Society.

A community of Boston ladies of "the olden time," enrolling the bright names and embodying the choice influences of the mothers of this Israel—the Masons and the Waterses of hallowed memory—assembled quarterly to refresh their minds from this Primer. The fact needs no comment.*

N. B. This statement is from a lady who was a member of the above Society, and from the documents of the Society in her possession.

CERTIFICATES.

"Mr. Ira Webster has published a correct reprint of the oldest copy of the *New England Primer*, of which we have any knowledge. We thank Mr. Webster for this reprint and fac-simile of that remarkable book; and commend it most heartily to our readers and friends."—*New Orleans Presb.*, Jan. 1850.

"The New England Primer: IRA WEBSTER, Hartford.—This is an exact reprint from one of the earliest copies of this priceless little compendium, which, for three quarters of a century, has been to almost every man born in New England, the first book in religion, and to thousands, has stood in the same office in literature. We are glad, in a new edition, still to behold the old face."—*The New York Journal of Commerce*, Sept. 9th, 1850.

* "Most valuable of every thing, is the education and principles drawn from the mother's knee."—UPSHUR.

CERTIFICATES.

At the request of the publisher, the following certificate has been furnished by a gentleman who has given much attention to the subject of early School Books and Catechisms, in this country.

"The edition of the New England Primer, published in 1843 by Mr. Ira Webster, of Hartford, is a correct reprint of the oldest copy of that remarkable work, of which I have any knowledge; perhaps the oldest copy now extant. All other reprints which I have seen, have been considerably altered—*modernized*—from the original.

Cambridge, Oct. 20, 1849.

GEORGE LIVERMORE."

Communicated by the Rev. Thomas Williams:

"The edition of the New England Primer, which has been published by Mr. Ira Webster, of Hartford, in the year 1843, is the only genuine and correct edition of that valuable and wonderful book that has been to be obtained for many years. It is probably more than fifty years since there has been printed a complete and correct edition of the Primer, except the one printed by Mr. Webster. His edition is an exact copy of the Primer that was used by families and schools in my youth, sixty years ago, and I suppose it had been used for fifty or a hundred years before that time. The genuine copy of the Primer, on account of its antiquity, and its extensive usefulness in former years, has now become an object of interesting and beneficial curiosity."

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Plymouth, Massachusetts, June 23, A. D. 1844.

We, the subscribers, concur in the preceding statements.

THOMAS ROBBINS,

JOEL HAWES,

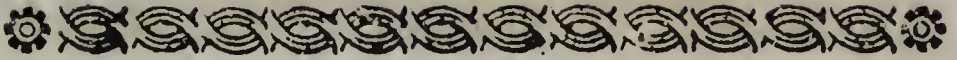
T. H. GALLAUDET.

ENOCH POND.

Hartford, Oct. 30, 1849.

Bangor.

The publisher of this edition, from o. s. of 1777—(wishing to obtain information of still older copies,) would say that he has in his possession three Primers, two printed in Boston, 1770, 1777, and one in Providence, 1775, all the same, after the title page.



The Honorable JOHN HANCOCK, Esq;
President of the *American* CONGRESS.





A Divine Song of Praise to G O D , for a Child,
by the Rev. Dr. W A T T S .

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the Sky!
How shall a Child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty!

How great his Power is none can tell,
Nor think how large his Grace:
Nor men below, nor Saints that dwell
On high before his Face.

Nor Angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will:
But they perform his heav'rly Word,
And sing his Praises still.

Then let me join this holy Train,
And my first Off'rings bring;
The eternal GOD will not disdain
To hear an Infant sing.

My Heart resolves, my Tongue obeys,
And Angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's Praise,
Sound from a feeble Voice.



Easy Syllables, &c.

Ba	be	bi	bo	bu
ca	ce	ci	co	cu
da	de	di	do	du
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu
ga	ge	gi	go	gu
ha	he	hi	ho	hu
ja	je	ji	jo	ju
ka	ke	ki	ko	ku
la	le	li	lo	lu
ma	me	mi	mo	mu
na	ne	ni	no	nu
pa	pe	pi	po	pu
ra	re	ri	ro	ru
sa	se	si	so	su
ta	te	ti	to	tu
va	ve	vi	vo	vu
wa	we	wi	wo	wu
ya	ye	yi	yo	yu
za	ze	zi	zo	zu

Words of one Syllable.

Age	all	ape	are
Babe	beef	best	bold
Cat	cake	crown	cup
Deaf	dead	dry	dull

Words of one Syllable.

Eat	ear	eggs	eyes
Face	feet	fish	foul
Gate	good	grass	great
Hand	hat	head	heart
Ice	ink	isle	jobb
Kick	kind	kneel	know
Lamb	lame	land	long
Made	mole	moon	mouth
Name	night	noise	noon
Oak	once	one	ounce
Pain	pair	pence	pound
Quart	queen	quick	quilt
Rain	raise	rose	run
Saint	sage	salt	said
Take	talk	time	throat
Vain	vice	vile	view
Way	wait	waste	would

Words of two Syllables.

Ab-sent	ab-hor	a-pron	au-thor
Ba-bel	be-came	be-guile	bold-ly
Ca-pon	cel-lar	con-stant	cub-board
Dai-ly	de-pend	di-vers	du-ty
Ea-gle	ea-ger	en-close	e-ven
Fa-ther	fa-mous	fe-male	fu-ture
Ga-ther	gar-den	gra-vy	glo-ry

Words of two Syllables.

Hei-nous	hate-ful	hu-mane	hus-band
In-fant	in-deed	in-cence	i-land
Ja-cob	jeal-ous	jus-tice	ju-lep
La-bour	la-den	la-dy	la-zy
Ma-ny	ma-ry	mo-tive	mu-sick

Words of three Syllables.

A-bu-sing	a-mend-ing	ar-gu-ment
Ear-ba-rous	be-ne-fit	beg-gar-ly
Cal-cu-late	can-dle-stick	con-foun-ded
Dam-ni-fy	dis-si-cult	drow-si-ness
Ea-ger-ly	em-ploy-ing	evi-dence
Fa-cul-ty	fa-mi-ly	fu-ne-ral
Gar-de-ner	glo-ri-ous	gra-ti-tude
Hap-pi-ness	har-mo-ny	ho-li-ness

Words of four Syllables.

A-bi-li-ty	ac-com-pa-ny	af-fec-ti-on
Be-ne-fi-ted	be-a-ti-tude	be-ne-vo-lent
Ca-la-mi-ty	ca-pa-ci-ty	ce-re-mo-ny
De-li-ca-cy	di-li-gent-ly	du-ti-ful-ly
E-dy-fy-ing	e-ver-last-ing	e-vi-dent-ly
Fe-bru-a-ry	fi-de-li-ty	for-mi-da-bly
Ge-ne-ral-ly	glo-ri-fy-ing	gra-ci-ous-ly

Words of five Syllables.

A-bo-mi-na-ble	ad-mi-ra-ti-on
Be-ne-dic-ti-on	be-ne-fi-ci-al
Ce-le-bra-ti-on	con-fo-la-ti-on
De-cla-ra-ti-on	de-di-ca-ti-on
E-du-ca-ti-on	ex-hor-ta-ti-on
For-ni-ca-ti-on	fer-men-ta-ti-on
Ge-ne-ra-ti-on	ge-ne-ro-fi-ty

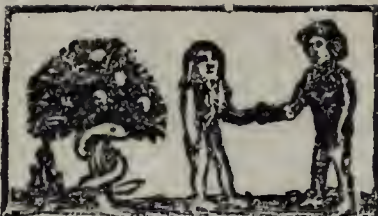
Words of six Syllables.

A-bo-mi-na-ti-on	Gra-ti-fi-ca-ti-on
Be-ne-fi-ci-al-ly	Hu-mi-li-a-ti-on
Con-ti-nu-a-ti-on	I-ma-gi-na-ti-on
De-ter-mi-na-ti-on	Mor-ti-fi-ca-ti-on
E-di-fi-ca-ti-on	Pu-ri-fi-ca-ti-on
Fa-mi-li-a-ri-ty	Qua-li-fi-ca-ti-on

A Lesson for Children.

Pray to God.	Call no ill names.
Love God.	Use no ill words.
Fear God.	'Tell no lies.
Serve God.	Hate Lies.
Take not God's	Speak the Truth.
Name in vain.	Spend your Time well
Do not Swear.	Love your School.
Do not Steal.	Mind your Book.
Cheat not in your play.	Strive to learn.
Play not with bad boys.	Be not a Dunc.

A



In A D A M ' s Fall
We finned all.

B



Heaven to find,
The Bible Mind.

C



Christ crucify'd
For finners dy'd.

D



The Deluge drown'd
The Earth around.

E



E L I J A H hid
By Ravens fed.

F



The judgment made
F E L I X afraid.

G



As runs the Glass,
Our Life doth pass.

H



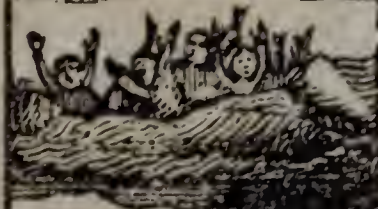
My Book and Heart
Must never part.

I



J o b feels the Rod,--
Yet blesses GOD.

K



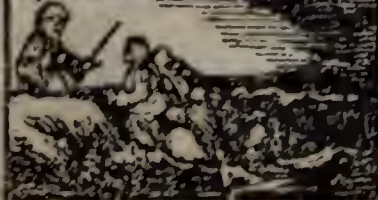
Proud Korah's troop
Was swallowed up

L



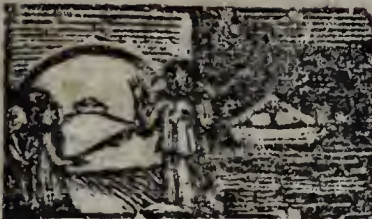
L o t fled to *Zoar*,
Saw fiery Shower
On *Sodom* pour.

M



M o s e s was he
Who *Israel's* Host
Led thro' the Sea.

N



N O A H did view
The old world & new

O



Y O U N G O B A D I A S,
D A V I D, J O S I A S.
A l l were pious.

P



P E T E R deny'd
His Lord and cry'd.

Q



Q U E E N E S T H E R sues
And saves the *Jews*.

R



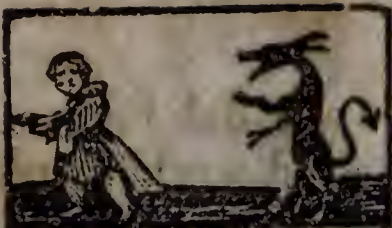
Y O U N G pious R U T H.
Left all for Truth.

S



Y O U N G S A M ' L dear
The Lord did fear.

T



Young TIMOTHY
Learnt sin to fly.

U



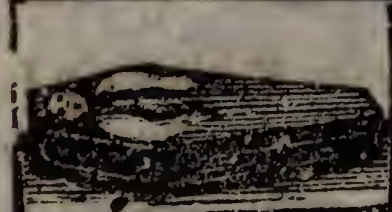
VASTAI for Pride,
Was set aside.

W



Whales in the Sea,
GOD's Voice obey.

X



XERXES did die,
And so must I.

Y



While youth do cheer
Death may be near.

Z



ZACCHEUS he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to see.

WHO was the first man? *Adam.*
 Who was the first woman? *Eve.*
 Who was the first Murderer? *Cain.*
 Who was the first Martyr? *Abel.*
 Who was the first Translated? *Enoch.*
 Who was the oldest Man? *Methuselah.*
 Who built the Ark? *Noah.*
 Who was the Patientest Man? *Job.*
 Who was the meekest Man? *Moses.*
 Who led *Israel* into *Canaan*? *Joshua.*
 Who was the strongest Man? *Sampson.*
 Who killed *Goliath*? *David.*
 Who was the wisest Man? *Solomon.*
 Who was in the Whale's Belly? *Jonah.*
 Who saves lost Men? *Jesus Christ.*
 Who is *Jesus Christ*? *The Son of God.*
 Who was the Mother of *Christ*? *Mary.*
 Who betrayed his Master? *Judas.*
 Who denied his Master? *Peter.*
 Who was the first Christian Martyr? *Stephen.*
 Who was chief Apostle of the *Gentiles*? *Paul.*

The Infant's Grace before and after Meut.

BLESS me, O Lord, and let my food
 strengthen me to serve thee, for Jesus
 Christ's sake. A M E N .

I Desire to thank God who gives me food
 to eat every day of my life. A M E N .

WHAT's right and good now shew me
Lord, and lead me by thy grace and
word. Thus shall I be a child of God, and
love and fear thy hand and rod.

An Alphabet of Lessons for Youth.

A Wise son maketh a glad father, but a
foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

Better is a little with the fear of the Lord,
than great treasure & trouble therewith.

Come unto Christ all ye that labor and are
heavy laden and he will give you rest.

Do not the abominable thing which I hate
saith the Lord.

Except a man be born again, he cannot
see the kingdom of God.

Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a
child, but the rod of correction shall
drive it far from him.

GODLINESS is profitable unto all things,
having the promise of the life that now
is, and that which is to come.

HOLINESS becomes G O D ' s house
for ever.

IT is good for me to draw near unto
G O D .

KEEP thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

LIARS shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone.

MANY are the afflictions of the righteous, but the LORD delivereth them out of them all.

NOW is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

OUT of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

PRAY to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which sees in secret shall reward thee openly.

QUIT you like men, be strong, stand fast in the faith.

REMEMBER thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

SEEST thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

TRUST in God at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him.

UPON the wicked, God shall rain an horrible tempest.

WO to the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him.

EXHORT one another daily while it is called to day, lest any of you be hardened thro' the deceitfulness of sin.

YOUNG men ye have overcome the wicked one.

Zeal hath consumed me, because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God.

The LORD's Prayer.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. AMEN.

The C R E E D.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, which was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day he arose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father,

Almighty. From thence he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. A M E N.

Dr. W A T T S ' s *Cradle Hymn.*

H U S H my dear, lie still and slumber,
holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number,
gently falling on thy head.
Sleep my babe, thy food and raiment
house and home thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
all thy wants are well supply'd.
How much better thou'rt attended,
than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
and became a child like thee.
Soft and easy is thy cradle,
coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
and his softest bed was hay.
Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,
spotless fair, divinely bright !!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures,

how could angels bear the sight!
Was there nothing but a manger,
 curst sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger;
 did they thus affront their Lord.
Soft my child I did not chide thee,
 tho' my song may sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
 and her arms shall be thy guard.
Yet to read the shameful story,
 how the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
 makes me angry while I sing.
See the kinder shepherds round him,
 telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
 with his Virgin Mother by.
See the lovely Babe a dressing;
 lovely Infant how he smil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's blessing
 sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
Lo! he slumbers in his manger,
 where the horned oxen fed;
Peace my darling here's no danger,
 here's no Ox a near thy bed.
'Twas to save thee, child from dying
 save my dear from burning flame,

Bitter groans and endless crying,
that thy blest Redeemer came.
May'st thou live to know and fear him,
trust and love him all thy days !
Then go dwell for ever near him,
see his face and sing his praise.
I could give thee thousand kisses,
hoping what I most desire :
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
can to greater joys aspire.

V E R S E S for Children.

THOUGH I am young a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
'Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read his holy word.
'Tis time to seek to God and pray
For what I want for every day :
I have a precious soul to save,
And I a mortal body have,
Tho' I am young yet I may die,
And hasten to eternity :
There is a dreadful fiery hell,
Where wicked ones must always dwell :
There is a heaven full of joy,
Where godly ones must always stay :
To one of these my soul must fly,
As in a moment when I die :

When God that made me, calls me home,
I must not stay I must be gone.
He gave me life, and gives me breath,
And he can save my soul from death,
By J E S U S C H R I S T my only Lord,
According to his holy word.
He clothes my back and makes me warm :
He saves my flesh and bones from harm.
He gives me bread and milk and meat
And all I have that's good to eat.
When I am sick, he if he please,
Can make me well and give me ease :
He gives me sleep and quiet rest,
Whereby my body is refresh'd
The Lord is good and kind to me,
And very thankful I must be :
I must obey and love and fear him,
By faith in Christ I must draw near him.
I must not sin as others do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too :
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray,
All sinful words I must restrain :
I must not take God's name in vain.
I must not work, I must not play,
Upon God's holy sabbath day.
And if my parents speak the word,

I must obey them in the Lord.
Nor steal, nor lie, nor spend my days,
In idle tales and foolish plays,
I must obey my Lord's commands,
Do something with my little hands :
Remember my creator now,
In youth while time will it allow.
Young S A M U E L that little child,
He serv'd the Lord, liv'd undefil'd;
Him in his service God employ'd,
While E L I 's wicked children dy'd :
When wicked children mocking said,
To a good man, *Go up bald head,*
God was displeas'd with them and sent
Two bears which them in pieces rent,
I must not like these children vile,
Displease my God, myself defile.
Like young A B I J A H , I must see,
That good things may be found in me,
Young King J O S I A H , that blessed youth,
He sought the Lord and lov'd the truth ;
He like a King did act his part,
And follow'd God with all his heart.
The little children they did sing,
Hosannahs to their heavenly King.
That blessed child young T I M O T H Y ,
Did learn God's word most heedfully.

It seem'd to be his recreation,
Which made him wise unto salvation :
By faith in Christ which he had gain'd
With prayers and tears that faith unfeign'd.
These good examples were for me ;
Like these good children I must be.
Give me true faith in Christ my Lord,
Obedience to his holy word,
No word is in the world like thine,
There's none so pure, sweet and divine.
From thence let me thy will behold,
And love thy word above fine gold.
Make my heart in thy statutes sound,
And make my faith and love abound.
Lord circumscribe my heart to love thee :
And nothing in this world above thee :
Let me behold thy pleased face,
And make my soul to grow in grace,
And in the knowledge of my Lord
And Saviour Christ, and of his word.

Another.

A W A K E , arise, behold thou hast,
Thy life a leaf, thy breath a blast ,
At night lay down prepar'd to have
Thy sleep, thy death, thy bed, thy grave.
L O R D if thou lengthen out my days,
Then let my heart so fixed be,

That I may lengthen out thy praise,
And never turn aside from thee.

So in my end I shall rejoice,
In thy salvation joyful be;
My soul shall say with loud glad voice,
JEHOVAH who is like to thee?

Who takest the lambs into thy arms,
And gently leadeſt thoſe with young,
Who ſaveſt children from all harms,
Lord, I will praise thee with my ſong.

And when my days on earth ſhall end,
And I go hence and be here no more,
Give me eternity to ſpend,
My G O D to praise forever more.

Another.

Good children muſt,
Fear God all day, Love Chriſt alway,
Parents obey, In ſecret pray,
No falſe thing ſay, Mind little play,
By no ſin ſtray. Make no delay,
In doing good.

Another.

In the burying place may ſee
Graves ſhorter there than I,
From death's arreſt no age is free
Young children too muſt die.
My God may ſuch an awful ſight,

Awakening be to me !
Oh ! that by early grace I might
For death prepared be.

Another.

NOW I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Another.

First in the morning when thou dost awake,
To God for his grace thy petition make,
Some heavenly petition use daily to say,
That the God of heaven may bless thee alway.

Duty to God and our neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul & strength,
With all your heart and mind ;
And love your neighbour as yourself,
Be faithful, just and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have

Another deal with you :

What you're unwilling to receive,

Be sure you never do.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you :
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

The Sum of the ten Commandments.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Advice to Youth. Eccle. xii.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*

Behold the aged sinner goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

'The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
Eternal King I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

CHILDREN your great Creator fear,
To him your homage pay,
While vain employments fire your blood,
And lead your thoughts astray.

The due remembrance of his name

Your first regard requires :

Till your breast glows with sacred love,
 Indulge no meaner fires.
 Secure his favour, and be wise,
 Before these cheerless days,
 When age comes on, when mirth's no more
 And health and strength decays.

*Some proper Names of M E N and W O M E N ,
 to teach Children to spell their own.*

Men's Names.

A Dam, Abel,
 Abraham,
 Amos, Aaron,
 Abijah, Andrew,
 Alexander, Anthony,
 Bartholomew,
 Benjamin, Barnabas,
 Benoni, Barzillai,
 Caleb, Cæsar,
 Charles, Christopher,
 Clement, Cornelius,
 David, Daniel,
 Ephraim, Edward,
 Edmund, Ebenezer,
 Elijah, Eliphalet,
 Elisha, Eleazer,
 Elihu, Ezekiel,

Elias, Elizur,
 Frederick, Francis,
 Gilbert, Giles,
 George, Gamalial,
 Gideon, Gershom,
 Heman, Henry,
 Hezekiah, Hugh,
 John, Jonas, Isaac,
 Jacob, Jared, Job,
 James, Jonathan,
 Israel, Joseph,
 Jeremiah, Joshua,
 Josiah, Jedediah,
 Jabez, Joel, Judah,
 Lazarus, Luke,
 Mathew, Michael,
 Moses, Malachi,
 Nathaniel, Nathan,

Nicholas, Noadiah,	Shem, Shubal,
Nehemiah. Noah,	Timothy, Thomas,
Obadiah, Ozias,	Titus, Theophilus,
Paul, Peter, Philip,	Uriah, Uzzah,
Phineas, Peletiah,	Walter, William,
Ralph, Richard,	Xerxes, Xenophon,
Samuel, Sampson,	Zachariah, Zebdiel.
Stephen, Solomon,	Zedekiah, Zadock,
Seth, Simeon, Saul,	Zebulon, Zebediah,

Women's Names.

A Bigail, Anne,	Judith, Jennet,
Alice, Anna,	Katharine, Katura,
Bethiah, Bridget,	Kezia, Lydia,
Cloe, Charity,	Lucretia, Lucy,
Deborah, Dorothy,	Loais, Lettice,
Dorcas, Dinah,	Mary, Margaret,
Damaris,	Martha, Mehitable,
Elizabeth, Esther.	Marcy, Merial,
Eunice, Eleanor.	Patience, Phylis,
Frances, Flora,	Phebe, Priscilla,
Grace, Gillet,	Rachel, Rebecca,
Hannah, Huldah,	Ruth, Rhode, Rose.
Henizibah,	Sarah, Sufanna,
Henrietta, Hagar.	Tabitha, Tamefin,
Joanna, Jane,	Ursula,
Jamima, Isabel,	Zipporah, Zibiah.



MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in *London*, was the first martyr in Queen MARY'S reign; and was burnt at *Smithfield*, *February* 14, 1554.—His wife with nine small children, and one at her breast following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST.

Some few days before his death, he wrote the following Advice to his Children.

GIVE ear my children to my words
Whom God hath dearly bought,
Lay up his laws within your heart,
and print them in your thoughts.

I leave you here a little book
for you to look upon,

That you may see your father's face
when he is dead and gone :

Who for the hope of heavenly things
While he did here remain,

Gave over all his golden years
to prison and to pain.

Where I, among my iron bands,
inclosed in the dark,

Not many days before my death,

I did compose this work :

And for example to your youth,
to whom I wish all good,

I send you here God's perfect truth,
and seal it with my blood.

To you my heirs of earthly things :
which I do leave behind,

That you may read and understand
and keep it in your mind.

That as you have been heirs of that

that once shall wear away,
You also may possess that part,
which never shall decay.
Keep always God before your eyes,
with all your whole intent,
Commit no sin in any wise,
keep his commandment.
Abhor that arrant whore of R o m e ,
and all her blasphemies,
And drink not of her cursed cup,
obey not her decrees.
Give honor to your mother dear,
remember well her pain,
And recompence her in her age,
with the like love again.
Be always ready for her help,
and let her not decay,
Remember well your father all,
who would have been your stay.
Give of your portion to the poor,
as riches do arise,
And from the needy naked soul,
turn not away your eyes :
For he that doth not hear the cry
of those that stand in need,
Shall cry himself and not be heard,
when he does hope to speed.

If GOD hath given you increase,
and blessed well your store,
Remember you are put in trust,
and should relieve the poor.
Beware of foul and filthy lust,
let such things have no place,
Keep clean your vessels in the LORD,
that he may you embrace.
Ye are the temples of the LORD,
for you are dearly bought,
And they that do defile the same,
shall surely come to nought.
Be never proud by any means,
build not your house too high,
But always have before your eyes,
that you are born to die.
Defraud not him that hired is,
your labour to sustain,
But pay him still without delay,
his wages for his pain.
And as you would that other men
against you should proceed,
Do you the same to them again,
when they do stand in need.
Impart your portion to the poor,
in money and in meat

And send the feeble fainting soul,
of that which you do eat.
Ask counsel always of the wise,
give ear unto the end,
And ne'er refuse the sweet rebuke
of him that is thy friend.
Be always thankful to the LORD,
with prayer and with praise,
Begging of him to bless your work,
and to direct your ways.
Seek first, I say, the living GOD,
and always him adore,
And then be sure that he will bless,
your basket and your store.
And I beseech Almighty GOD,
replenish you with grace,
That I may meet you in the heavens,
and see you face to face.
And though the fire my body burns,
contrary to my kind,
That I cannot enjoy your love
according to my mind :
Yet I do hope that when the heavens
shall vanish like a scroll,
I shall see you in perfect shape,
in body and in soul.
And that I may enjoy your love,

and you enjoy the land,
I do beseech the living LORD,
to hold you in his hand.
Though here my body be adjudg'd
in flaming fire to fry,
My soul I trust, will straight ascend
to live with GOD on high.
What though this carcase smart awhile
what though this life decay,
My soul I hope will be with GOD,
and live with him for aye.
I know I am a sinner born,
from the original,
And that I do deserve to die
by my fore-father's fall :
But by our SAVIOUR'S precious blood,
which on the cross was spilt,
Who freely offer'd up his life,
to save our souls from guilt ;
I hope redemption I shall have,
and all who in him trust,
When I shall see him face to face,
and live among the just.
Why then should I fear death's grim look
since CHRIST for me did die,
For King and Cæsar, rich and poor.
the force of death must try

When I am chained to the stake,
and fagots girt me round,
Then pray the LORD my soul in heaven
may be with glory crown'd.
Come welcome death the end of fears,
I am prepar'd to die :
Those earthly flames will send my soul
up to the Lord on high.
Farewell my children to the world,
where you must yet remain ;
The LORD of hosts be your defence,
'till we do meet again.
Farewell my true and loving wife,
my children, and my friends,
I hope in heaven to see you all,
when all things have their end.
If you go on to serve the LORD,
as you have now begun,
You shall walk safely all your days,
until your life be done.
GOD grant you so to end your days,
as he shall think it best,
That I may meet you in the heavens,
where I do hope to rest.

OUR days begin with trouble here,
our life is but a span,

And cruel death is always near,
so frail a thing is man.
Then sow the seeds of grace whilst young,
that when thou com'st to die,
Thou may'st sing forth that triumph song,
Death where's thy victory.

Choice Sentences.

1. P R A Y I N G will make us leave sinning,
or sinning will make us leave praying.

2. O U R weakness and inabilities break
not the bond of our duties.

3. W H A T we are afraid to speak before
men, we should be afraid to think before
GOD.

Learn these four lines by heart.

H A V E communion with few,
Be intimate with ONE,
Deal justly with all,
Speak evil of none.

A G U R 's Prayer.

R E M O V E far from me vanities and
lies; give me neither poverty nor
riches; feed me with food convenient for
me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say,
Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor, and
steal and take the name of my GOD in vain.



T H E S H O R T E R
C A T E C H I S M,

Agreed upon by the Reverend Assembly of
DIVINES at *Westminster*.

Quest. *W^h A T is the chief end of man ?*

Ans. Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

Q. 2. *What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him ?*

A. The word of God which is contained in the scriptures of the old and new testament is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify God and enjoy him.

Q. 3. *What do the scriptures principally teach ?*

A. The scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requireth of man.

Q. 4. *What is God ?*

A. God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

Q. 5. *Are there more Gods than one ?*

A. There is but ONE only, the living and true GOD.

Q. 6. *How many persons are there in the God-head?*

A. There are three persons in the God-head, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one GOD, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.

Q. 7. *What are the decrees of God?*

A. The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his own will, whereby for his own glory he hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass.

Q. 8. *How doth God execute his decrees?*

A. God executeth his decrees in the works of creation and providence.

Q. 9. *What is the work of creation?*

A. The work of creation is God's making all things of nothing by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

Q. 10. *How did God create man?*

A. God created man male & female after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness and holiness, with dominion over the creatures

Q. 11. *What are God's works of providence?*

A. God's works of providence are his most holy, wise and powerful, preserving & govern-

ing all his creatures and all their actions.

Q. 12. *What special act of providence did God exercise towards man in the estate wherein he was created ?*

A. When God had created man, he entered into a covenant of life with him upon condition of perfect obedience, forbidding him to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, upon pain of death.

Q. 13. *Did our first parents continue in the estate wherein they were created ?*

A. Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the estate wherein they were created, by sinning against God.

Q. 14. *What is sin ?*

A. Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God.

Q. 15. *What was the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created ?*

A. The sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit.

Q. 16. *Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression ?*

A. The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity,

all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression.

Q. 17. *Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?*

A. The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Q. 18. *Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, & the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.

Q. 19. *What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. All mankind by the fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath & curse, and so made liable to the miseries in this life, to death itself, & to the pains of hell forever.

Q. 20. *Did God leave all mankind to perish in the state of sin and misery?*

A. God having out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of a state

of sin and misery, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer.

Q. 21. *Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?*

A. The only Redeemer of God's elect, is the Lord Jesus Christ, who being the eternal Son of God, became man, and so was, and continues to be God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person forever.

Q. 22. *How did Christ being the Son of God become man?*

A. Christ the Son of God became man by taking to himself a true body and a reasonable soul, being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the virgin Mary, and born of her, and yet without sin.

Q. 23. *What offices doth Christ execute as our Redeemer?*

A. Christ as our Redeemer executes the office of a prophet, of a priest, & of a king, both in his estate of humiliation and exaltation.

Q. 24. *How doth Christ execute the office of a prophet?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a prophet in revealing to us by his word and spirit, the will of God for our salvation.

Q. 25. *How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a priest in his once offering up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us.

Q. 26. *How doth Christ execute the office of a king?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a king in subduing us to himself, in ruling and defending us, and in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies.

Q. 27. *Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?*

A. Christ's humiliation consisted in his being born and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross, in being buried and continuing under the power of death for a time.

Q. 28. *Wherein consists Christ's exaltation?*

A. Christ's exaltation consisteth in his rising again from the dead on the third day, in ascending up into heaven, and sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and in coming to judge the world at the last day.

Q. 29. *How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ by the effectual ap-

plication of it to us by his holy Spirit.

Q. 30. *How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. 'The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

Q. 31. *What is effectual calling?*

A. Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 32. *What benefits do they that are effectually called partake of in this life?*

A. 'They that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, and sanctification, and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them.

Q. 33. *What is justification?*

A. Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone.

Q. 34. *What is adoption?*

A. Adoption is an act of God's free grace whereby we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God.

Q. 35. *What is sanctification?*

A. Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man, after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

Q. 36. *What are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification?*

A. The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification, are assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end.

Q. 37. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at their death?*

A. The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies being still united to Christ do rest in their graves 'till the resurrection.

Q. 38. What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection?

A. At the resurrection believers being raised up to glory, shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted on the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

Q. 39. What is the duty which God requires of man?

A. The duty which God requires of man, is obedience to his revealed will.

Q. 40. What did God at first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?

A. The rule which God at first revealed to man for his obedience was the moral law.

Q. 41. Where is the moral law summarily comprehended?

A. The moral law is summarily comprehended in the ten commandments.

Q. 42. What is the sum of the ten commandments?

A. The sum of the ten commandments is, to love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our mind, and our neighbour as ourselves.

Q. 43. What is the preface to the ten

commandments?

A. The preface to the ten commandments is in these words, *I am the Lord thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage.*

Q. 44. *What doth the preface to the ten commandments teach us?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments teacheth us, that because God is the Lord, and our God and Redeemer, therefore we are bound to keep all his commandments.

Q. 45. *Which is the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment is, *'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.*

Q. 46. *What is required in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment requireth us to know and acknowledge God, to be the only true God, our God, and to worship and glorify him accordingly.

Q. 47. *What is forbidden in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment forbiddeth the denying or not worshipping and glorifying the true God, as God, and our God, and the giving that worship and glory to any other which is due to him alone.

Q. 48. *What are we especially taught by these words (before me) in the first commandment?*

A. These words (*before me*) in the first commandment, teach us, that God who seeth all things, taketh notice of and is much displeased with the sin of having any other God.

Q. 49. *Which is the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment is, *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me & keep my commandments.*

Q. 50. *What is required in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment requireth the receiving, observing, & keeping pure and entire all such religious worship and ordinances, as God hath appointed in his word.

Q. 51. *What is forbidden in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment forbiddeth the worshipping of God by images or any other way not appointed in his word.

Q. 52. *What are the reasons annexed to the second commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the second commandment, are God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath to his own worship.

Q. 53. *Which is the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment is, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.*

Q. 54. *What is required in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment requireth the holy and reverent use of God's names, titles, attributes, ordinances, word and works.

Q. 55. *What is forbidden in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment forbiddeth all profaning or abusing of any thing whereby God maketh himself known.

Q. 56. *What is the reason annexed to the third commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the third commandment is, That however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord our God will not suffer them to escape his righteous judgment.

Q. 57. *Which is the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment is, *Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy, six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.*

Q. 58. *What is required in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment requireth, the keeping holy to God such set times as he hath appointed in his word, expressly one whole day in seven to be an holy Sabbath to himself.

Q. 59. *Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly sabbath?*

A. From the beginning of the world, to the resurrection of Christ, God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly sabbath, and the first day of the week ever since to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath.

Q. 60. *How is the sabbath to be sanctified?*

A. The sabbath is to be sanctified by an holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, and spending the whole time in public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Q. 61. *What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment forbiddeth, the omission or careless performance of the duties required, and the profaning the day by idleness, or doing that which is in itself sinful, or by unnecessary thoughts, words or works, about worldly employments or recreations.

Q. 62. *What are the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the fourth commandment, are God's allowing us six days of the week for our own employment, his chal-

lenging a special propriety in the seventh, his own example, & his blessing the sabbath day.

Q. 63. *Which is the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment is, *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Q. 64. *What is required in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment requireth the preserving the honor, and performing the duties belonging to every one in their several places and relations, as superiors, inferiors, or equals.

Q. 65. *What is forbidden in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment forbiddeth the neglecting of, or doing any thing against the honor and duty which belongeth to every one in their several places and relations.

Q. 66. *What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the fifth commandment is a promise of long life and prosperity, (as far as it shall serve for God's glory and their own good) to all such as keep this commandment.

Q. 67. *Which is the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment is, *Thou shalt not kill.*

Q. 68. *What is required in the sixth commandment ?*

A. The sixth commandment requireth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life, and the life of others.

Q. 69. *What is forbidden in the sixth commandment ?*

A. The sixth commandment forbiddeth the taking away of our own life, or the life of our neighbour unjustly, and whatsoever tendeth thereunto.

Q. 70. *Which is the seventh commandment ?*

A. The seventh commandment is, *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

Q. 71. *What is required in the seventh commandment ?*

A. The seventh commandment requireth the preservation of our own and our neighbor's chastity, in heart, speech & behaviour.

Q. 72. *What is forbidden in the seventh commandment ?*

A. The seventh commandment forbiddeth all unchaste thoughts, words and actions.

Q. 73. *Which is the eighth commandment ?*

A. The eighth commandment is, *Thou*

shalt not steal.

Q. 74. What is required in the eighth commandment?

A. The eighth commandment requireth the lawful procuring & furthering the wealth and outward estate of ourselves and others.

Q. 75. What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?

A. The eighth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever doth, or may unjustly hinder our own or our neighbour's wealth or outward estate.

Q. 76. Which is the ninth commandment?

A. The ninth commandment is, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

Q. 77. What is required in the ninth commandment?

A. The ninth commandment requireth the maintaining and promoting of truth between man & man, & of our own & our neighbor's good name, especially in witness bearing.

Q. 78. What is forbidden in the ninth commandment?

A. The ninth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our own or our neighbor's good name.

Q. 79. Which is the tenth commandment?

A. The tenth commandment is, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*

Q. 80. *What is required in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment requireth full contentment with our own condition, with a right and charitable frame of spirit towards our neighbour, and all that is his.

Q. 81. *What is forbidden in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbour, and all inordinate motions and affections to any thing that is his.

Q. 82. *Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?*

A. No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but daily doth break them in thought, word and deed.

Q. 83. *Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?*

A. Some sins in themselves, and by rea-

son of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

Q. 84. *What doth every sin deserve?*

A. Every sin deserves God's wrath & curse both in this life, and that which is to come.

Q. 85. *What doth God require of us that we may escape his wrath and curse due to us for sin?*

A. 'To escape the wrath and curse of God due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption.

Q. 86. *What is faith in Jesus Christ?*

A. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace whereby we receive & rest upon him alone for salvation as he is offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 87. *What is repentance unto life?*

A. Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner out of the true sense of his sin and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin turn from it unto God, with full purpose of and endeavours after new obedience.

Q. 88. *What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption?*

A. The outward and ordinary means where

by Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption, are his ordinances, especially the word, sacraments and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.

Q. 89. *How is the word made effectual to salvation?*

A. The spirit of God maketh the reading, but especially the preaching of the word an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith unto salvation.

Q. 90. *How is the word to be read and heard that it may become effectual to salvation?*

A. That the word may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation and prayer, receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practice it in our lives.

Q. 91. *How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?*

A. The sacraments become effectual means of salvation not from any virtue in them or in him that doth administer them, but only by the blessing of Christ, and the working of the Spirit in them that by faith receive them.

Q. 92. *What is a sacrament?*

A. A sacrament is an holy ordinance in-

stituted by Christ, wherein by sensible signs, Christ & the benefits of the new covenant are represented sealed and applied to believers.

Q. 93. *What are the sacraments of the New Testament?*

A. The sacraments of the New Testament are baptism and the Lord's supper.

Q. 94. *What is baptism?*

A. Baptism is a sacrament wherein the washing of water in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, doth signify and seal our ingrafting into Christ and partaking of the benefits of the covenant of grace, & our engagements to be the Lord's.

Q. 95. *To whom is baptism to be administered?*

A. Baptism is not to be administered to any that are out of the visible church, till they profess their faith in Christ, and obedience to him, but the infants of such as are members of the visible church are to be baptized.

Q. 96. *What is the Lord's supper?*

A. The Lord's supper is a sacrament, wherein by giving and receiving bread and wine according to Christ's appointment, his death is shewed forth, and the worthy receivers are not after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith made partakers of his body

and blood, with all his benefits, to their spiritual nourishment and growth in grace.

Q. 97. *What is required in the worthy receiving the Lord's supper?*

A. It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's supper, that they examine themselves of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body, of their faith to feed upon him, of their repentance, love and new obedience, lest coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Q. 98. *What is prayer?*

A. Prayer is an offering up of our desires to God for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, & thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.

Q. 99. *What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer?*

A. The whole word of God is of use to direct us in prayer but the special rule of direction is that form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples commonly called, *The Lord's Prayer*.

Q. 100. *What doth the preface of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The preface of the Lord's prayer which is *Our Father which art in heaven*, teacheth us, to draw near to God with all holy reverence

and confidence, as children to a father, able and ready to help us, and that we should pray with and for others.

Q. 101. *What do we pray for in the first petition?*

A. In the first petition, which is, *Hallowed be thy name*, we pray that God would enable us and others to glorify him in all that whereby he makes himself known, and that he would dispose all things to his own glory.

Q. 102. *What do we pray for in the second petition?*

A. In the second petition, which is, *Thy kingdom come*, we pray that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, the kingdom of grace may be advanced, ourselves and others bro't into it, and kept in it, and that the kingdom of glory may be hastened.

Q. 103. *What do we pray for in the third petition?*

A. In the third petition, which is, *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*, we pray that God by his grace would make us able and willing to know, obey and submit to his will in all things, as the angels do in heaven.

Q. 104. *What do we pray for in the fourth petition?*

A. In the fourth petition, which is, *Give*

us this day our daily bread, we pray, that of God's free gift we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy his blessing with them.

Q. 105. *What do we pray for in the fifth petition ?*

A. In the fifth petition, which is, *And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors*, we pray that God for Christ's sake, would freely pardon all our sins, which we are the rather encouraged to ask, because by his grace we are enabled from the heart to forgive others.

Q. 106. *What do we pray for in the sixth petition ?*

A. In the sixth petition, which is, *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*, we pray that God would either keep us from being tempted to sin, or support and deliver us when we are tempted.

Q. 107. *What doth the conclusion of the Lord's prayer teach us ?*

A. The conclusion of the Lord's prayer, which is, *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, AMEN*, teacheth us, to take our encouragement in prayer from God only, and in our prayers to praise him, ascribing kingdom, power and glory

to him, and in testimony of our desire and assurance to be heard, we say, A M E N.

Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Rev. xxii. 14.

S P I R I T U A L M I L K

F O R

American B A B E S,

Drawn out of the Breasts of both *Testaments*
for their Souls Nourishment.

By J O H N C O T T O N.

Q **W**HAT hath God done for you?

A. God hath made me, he keepeth me, and he can save me.

Q. What is God?

A. God is a Spirit of himself & for himself.

Q. How many Gods be there?

A. There is but one God in three Persons, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost

Q. How did God make you?

A. In my first parents holy and righteous.

Q. *Are you then born holy and righteous.*

A. No, my first father sinned and I in him.

Q. *Are you then born a sinner?*

A. I was conceived in sin, & born in iniquity

Q. *What is your birth sin?*

A. Adam's sin imputed to me, and a corrupt nature dwelling in me.

Q. *What is your corrupt nature?*

A. My corrupt nature is empty of grace, bent unto sin, only unto sin, and that continually.

Q. *What is sin?*

A. Sin is a transgression of the law.

Q. *How many commandments of the law be there?*

A. Ten.

Q. *What is the first commandment?*

A. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

Q. *What is the meaning of this commandment?*

A. That we should worship the only true God, and no other besides him.

Q. *What is the second commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, &c.

Q. *What is the meaning of this commandment?*

A. That we should worship the only true God, with true worship, such as he hath ordained, not such as man hath invented.

Q. *What is the third commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Q. *What is meant by the name of God?*

A. God himself & the good things of God, whereby he is known as a man by his name, and his attributes, worship, word and works.

Q. *What is it not to take his name in vain?*

A. To make use of God & the good things of God to his glory, and our own good, not vainly, not irreverently, not unprofitably.

Q. *Which is the fourth commandment?*

A. Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day.

Q. *What is the meaning of this commandment?*

A. That we should rest from labor, and much more from play on the Lord's day, that we may draw nigh to God in holy duties.

Q. *What is the fifth commandment?*

A. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Q. *What are meant by father and mother?*

A. All our superiors whether in family, school, church and common wealth.

Q. *What is the honor due unto them?*

A. Reverence, obedience, and (when I am able) recompence.

Q. *What is the sixth commandment?*

A. Thou shalt do no murder.

Q. *What is the meaning of this commandment?*

A. That we should not shorten the life or health of ourselves or others, but preserve both

Q. *What is the seventh commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Q. *What is the sin here forbidden?*

A. To defile ourselves or others with unclean lusts.

Q. *What is the duty here commanded?*

A. Chastity to possess our vessels in holiness and honor.

Q. *What is the eighth commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not steal.

Q. *What is the stealth here forbidden?*

A. To take away another man's goods without his leave, or to spend our own without benefit to ourselves or others.

Q. *What is the duty here commanded?*

A. To get our goods honestly, to keep them safely, and spend them thriftily.

Q. *What is the ninth commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Q. *What is the sin here forbidden?*

A. To lie falsely, to think or speak untruly of ourselves or others.

Q. *What is the duty here required?*

A. Truth and faithfulness.

Q. *What is the tenth commandment?*

A. Thou shalt not covet, &c.

Q. *What is the coveting here forbidden?*

A. Lust after the things of other men, and want of contentment with our own.

Q. *Whether have you kept all these commandments?*

A. No, I and all men are sinners.

Q. *What are the wages of sin?*

A. Death and damnation.

Q. *How then look you to be saved?*

A. Only by Jesus Christ.

Q. *Who is Jesus Christ?*

A. The eternal Son of God, who for our sakes became man, that he might redeem & save us.

Q. *How doth Christ redeem and save us?*

A. By his righteous life, and bitter death, and glorious resurrection to life again.

Q. *How do we come to have a part & fellowship with Christ in his death & resurrection?*

A. By the power of his word and spirit, which brings us to him, and keeps us in him.

Q. *What is the word?*

A. The holy scriptures of the prophets and apostles, the old and new testament, the law and gospel.

Q. *How doth the ministry of the law bring you toward Christ?*

A. By bringing me to know my sin, and the wrath of God, against me for it.

Q. *What are you hereby the nearer to Christ?*

A. So I come to feel my cursed estate and need of a Saviour.

Q. *How doth the ministry of the Gospel help you in this cursed estate?*

A. By humbling me yet more, and then raising me out of this estate.

Q. *How doth the ministry of the Gospel humble you yet more?*

A. By revealing the grace of the Lord Jesus in dying to save sinners, and yet convincing me of my sin in not believing on him, and of my utter insufficiency to come to him, and so I feel myself utterly lost.

Q. *How doth the ministry of the gospel raise you up out of this lost estate to come to Christ?*

A. By teaching me the value and virtue of the death of Christ, and the riches of his grace to lost sinners by revealing the promise of grace to such, and by ministring the Spirit of

grace to apply Christ, and his promise of grace unto myself, and to keep me in him.

Q. How doth the Spirit of grace apply Christ & his promise grace unto you and keep you in him?

A. By begetting in me faith to receive him, prayer to call upon him, repentance to mourn after him, and new obedience to serve him.

Q. What is faith?

A. Faith is the grace of the Spirit, whereby I deny myself, and believe on Christ for righteousness and salvation.

Q. What is prayer?

A. It is calling upon God in the name of Christ by the help of the Holy Ghost, according to the will of God.

Q. What is repentance?

A. Repentance is a grace of the Spirit, whereby I loath my sins, and myself for them and confess them before the Lord, and mourn after Christ for the pardon of them, and for grace to serve him in newness of life.

Q. What is the newness of life, or new obedience?

A. Newness of life is a grace of the Spirit, whereby I forsake my former lust & vain company, and walk before the Lord in the light of his word, and in the communion of saints.

Q. What is the communion of saints?

A. It is the fellowship of the church in the blessings of the covenant of grace, and the seals thereof. Q. *What is the church?*

A. It is a congregation of saints joined together in the bond of the covenant, to worship the Lord, and to edify one another in all his holy ordinances.

Q. *What is the bond of the covenant by which the church is joined together?*

A. It is the profession of that covenant which God has made with his faithful people, to be a God unto them, and to their seed.

Q. *What doth the Lord bind his people to in this covenant?*

A. To give up themselves & their seed first to the Lord to be his people, & then to the elders & brethren of the church to set forward the worship of God & their mutual edification.

Q. *How do they give up themselves and their seed to the Lord?*

A. By receiving thro' faith the Lord & his covenant to themselves, & to their seed & accordingly walking themselves & training up their children in the ways of the covenant.

Q. *How do they give up themselves and their seed to the elders and brethren of the church?*

A. By confessing of their sins, and profes-

sion of their faith, and of their subjection to the gospel of Christ ; and so they and their seed are received into the fellowship of the church and the seals thereof.

Q. What are the seals of the covenant now in the days of the gospel ?

A. Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Q. What is done for you in baptism ?

A. In baptism the washing with water is a sign and seal of my washing in the blood and spirit of Christ, and thereby of my ingrafting into Christ, of the pardon and cleansing of my sins, of my raising up out of afflictions, and also of my resurrection from the dead at the last day.

Q. What is done for you in the Lord's supper ?

A. In the Lord's supper, the receiving of the bread broken and the wine poured out is a sign and seal of my receiving the communion of the body of Christ broken for me, and of his blood shed for me, and thereby of my growth in Christ, and the pardon and healing of my sins, of the fellowship of the Spirit, of my strengthening and quickening in grace, and of my sitting together with Christ on his throne of glory at the last judgment.

Q. What was the resurrection from the

dead, which was sealed up to you in baptism?

A. When Christ shall come in his last judgment, all that are in their graves shall rise again, both the just and unjust.

Q. *What is the judgment, which is sealed up to you in the Lord's supper?*

A. At the last day we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account of our works, and receive our reward according to them.

Q. *What is the reward that shall then be given?*

A. The righteous shall go into life eternal, and the wicked shall be cast into everlasting fire with the Devil and his angels.

A DIALOGUE *between* CHRIST, YOUTH,
and the Devil. YOUTH.

THose days which God to me doth send,
In pleasure I'm resolv'd to spend;
Like as the birds in th' lovely spring,
Sit chirping on the bough, and sing;
Who straining forth those warbling notes,
Do make sweet music in their throats,
So I resolve in this my prime,
In sports and plays to spend my time.
Sorrow and grief I'll put away,
Such things agree not with my day:

From clouds my morning shall be free ,
And nought on earth shall trouble me.
I will embrace each sweet delight,
This earth affords me day and night :
Though parents grieve and me correct,
Yet I their counsel will reject.

Devil.

The resolution which you take,
Sweet youth it doth me merry make.
If thou my counsel wilt embrace,
And shun the ways of truth and grace,
And learn to lie, and curse and swear.
And be as proud as any are ;
And with thy brothers wilt fall out,
And sisters with vile language flout .
Yea, fight and scratch, and also bite,
Then in thee I will take delight.
If thou wilt but be rul'd by me,
An artist thou shalt quickly be,
In all my ways which lovely are,
Ther'e few with thee who shall compare .
Thy parents always disobey ;
Don't mind at all what they do say :
And also pout and sullen be,
And thou shalt be a child for me.
When others read, be thou at play,
Think not on God, don't sigh nor pray

Nor be thou such a silly fool,
To mind thy book or go to school ;
But play the truant ; fear not I
Will straitway help you to a lie,
Which will excuse thee from the same,
From being whipp'd and from all blame ;
Come bow to me, uphold my crown,
And I'll thee raise to high renown.

Y O U T H .

These motions I will cleave unto,
And let all other counsels go ;
My heart against my parents now,
Shall harden'd be, and will not bow :
I won't submit at all to them,
But all good counsels will condemn,
And what I list that do will I,
And stubborn be continually.

C H R I S T .

Wilt thou, O youth make such a choice,
And thus obey the devil's voice !
Curst sinful ways wilt thou embrace,
And hate the ways of truth and grace ?
Wilt thou to me a rebel prove ?
And from thy parents quite remove
Thy heart also ? Then shalt thou see,
What will e'er long become of thee.
Come, think on God, who did thee make.

And at his prefence dread and quake,
Remember him now in thy youth,
And let thy foul take hold of truth :
The Devil and his ways defy,
Believe him not, he doth but lie :
His ways feem sweet, but youth beware,
He for thy foul hath laid a snare.
His sweet will into bitter turn,
If in thofe ways thou ftill wilt run,
He will thee into pieces tear,
Like lions which moft hungry are.
Grant me thy heart, thy folly leave,
And from this lion I'll thee fave ;
And thou fhalt have fweet joy from me,
Which fhall laft to eternity.

Y O U T H .

My heart fhall chear me in my youth,
I'll have my frolicks in good truth,
What e'er feems lovely in mine eye.
Myfelf I cannot it deny.
In my own ways I ftill will walk,
And take delight among young folk,
Who fpend their days in joy and mirth,
Nothing like that I'm fure on earth :
Thy ways, O Chrift ! are not for me,
They with my age do not agree.
If I unto thy laws fhould cleave,

No more good days then should I have.

CHRIST.

Woul'st thou live long and good days see
Refrain from all iniquity :

True good alone doth from me flow,
It can't be had in things below.

Are not my ways, O youth ! for thee,
Then thou shalt never happy be ;

Nor ever shall thy soul obtain,

True good, whilst thou dost here remain

Y O U T H .

To thee, O Christ, I'll not adhere,

What thou speak'st of does not appear

Lovely to me I cannot find,

'Tis good to set or place my mind

On ways whence many sorrows spring

And to the flesh such crosses bring,

Don't trouble me, I must fulfil,

My fleshly mind, and have my will.

CHRIST.

Unto thyself then I'll thee leave,

That Satan may thee wholly have :

Thy heart in sin shall harden'd be,

And blinded in iniquity.

And then in wrath I'll cut thee down.

Like as the grass and flowers mown .

And to thy woe thou shalt espy,

Childhood and youth are vanity ;
For all such things I'll make thee know
To judgment thou shalt come also.
In hell at last thy soul shall burn,
When thou thy sinful race hast run.
Consider this, think on thy end
Lest God do thee in pieces rend.

Y O U T H .

Amazed, Lord ! I now begin,
O help me and I'll leave my sin :
I tremble, and do greatly fear,
To think upon what I do hear.
Lord ! I religious now will be,
And I'll from Satan turn to thee.

Devil.

Nay, foolish youth, don't change thy mind,
Unto such thoughts be not inclin'd.
Come, cheer up thy heart, rouse up, be glad.
There is no hell ; why art thou sad ?
Eat, drink, be merry with thy friend,
For when thou diest, that's thy last end.

Y O U T H .

Such thoughts as these I can't receive,
Because God's word I do believe ;
None shall in this destroy my faith,
Nor do I mind what Satan saith.

Devil.

Although to thee herein I yield,
Yet e'er long I shall win the field.
'That there's a heaven I can't deny,
Yea, and a hell of misery :
That heaven is a lovely place
I can't deny ; 'tis a clear case ;
And easy 'tis for to come there,
Therefore take thou no further care,
All human laws do thou observe,
And from old customs never swerve ;
Do not oppose what great men say,
And thou shalt never go astray.
'Thou may'st be drunk, and swear and curse,
And sinners like thee ne'er the worse ;
At any time thou may'st repent ;
'Twill serve when all thy days are spent.

CHRIST.

Take heed or else thou art undone ;
These thoughts are from the wicked One,
Narrow's the way that leads to life,
Who walk therein do meet with strife.
Few shall be saved, young man knew,
Most do unto destruction go.
If righteous ones scarce saved be,
What will at last become of thee !
Oh ! don't reject my precious call,
Lest suddenly in hell thou fall ;

Unless you soon converted be,
God's kingdom thou shalt never see.

Y O U T H .

Lord, I am now at a great stand :
If I should yield to thy command,
My comrades will me much deride,
And never more will me abide.
Moreover, this I also know,
Thou can'st at last great mercy show.
When I am old, and pleasure gone,
Then what thou say'st I'll think upon.

C H R I S T .

Nay, hold vain youth, thy time is short,
I have thy breath, I'll end thy sport ;
Thou shalt not live till thou art old,
Since thou in sin art grown so bold.
I in thy youth grim death will send,
And all thy sports shall have an end.

Y O U T H .

I am too young, alas to die,
Let death some old grey head espy.
O spare me, and I will amend,
And with thy grace my soul befriend,
Or else I am undone alas,
For I am in a woful case.

C H R I S T .

When I did call, you would not hear,

But didst to me turn a deaf ear ;
And now in thy calamity,
I will not mind nor hear thy cry ;
Thy day is past, begone from me,
Thou who didst love iniquity,
Above thy soul and Saviour dear ;
Who on the cross great pains did bear,
My mercy thou didst much abuse,
And all good counsel didst refuse,
Justice will therefore vengeance take,
And thee a sad example make.

Y O U T H .

O spare me, Lord, forbear thy hand,
Don't cut me off who trembling stand,
Begging for mercy at thy door,
O let me have but one year more.

C H R I S T .

If thou some longer time should have,
Thou wouldst again to folly cleave :
Therefore to thee I will not give,
One day on earth longer to live.

Death.

Youth, I am come to fetch thy breath,
And carry thee to th' shades of death,
No pity on thee can I show,
Thou hast thy God offended so.
Thy soul and body I'll divide,

Thy body in the grave I'll hide,
And thy dear soul in hell must lie
With Devils to eternity.

The conclusion.

Thus end the days of woful youth,
Who won't obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey.
They in their youth go down to hell,
Under eternal wrath to dwell.
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways.

The late Reverend and Venerable Mr. NATHANIEL CLAP, of Newport on Rhode Island; his Advice to children.

GOOD children should remember daily, God their Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; to believe in, love and serve him; their parents to obey them in the Lord; their bible and catechism; their baptism; the Lord's day; the Lord's death and resurrection; their own death and resurrection; and the day of judgment, when all that are not fit for heaven must be sent to hell. And they should pray to God in the name of CHRIST, for saving grace



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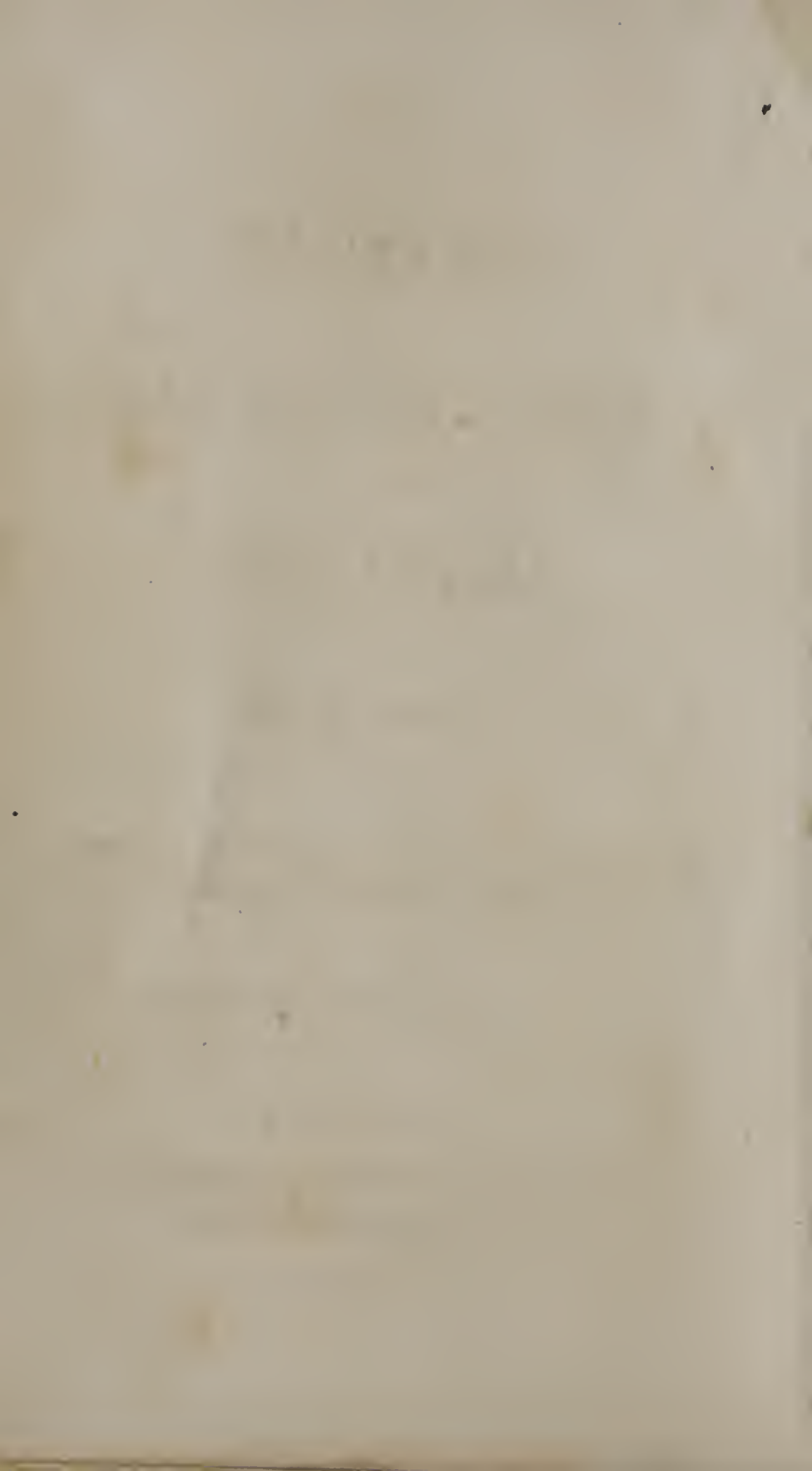
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THE
AMERICAN
SCHOOL HYMN BOOK:

BY ASA FITZ,

AUTHOR OF THE

American School Song Book, Common
School Song Book, Parlor Harp, etc.

EIGHTY-FIRST THOUSAND.

B O S T O N :
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PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION.

It was our original design, in preparing a book of hymns for schools, to select such only as were appropriate for the devotional exercises of the school room. The first editions of the book contained but few others. Upon further consideration we found that a large number of the most popular school songs might be added, with a trifling expense, and thereby render the book much more valuable to those who are not accustomed to get up new music in their schools.

The tunes set to each hymn are generally familiar to most pupils in our schools. Note books are not needed for this class of music, especially when used for the purposes of devotion and recreation. Teachers who prefer the music will find most of the tunes referred to in this book in the "*Common School Song*

Book," "American School Book," and "Songs for the Million" — books which are already in the hands of many of the pupils, in our schools.

The Devotional Hymns are believed to be entirely free from any sectarian peculiarities while they are highly elevated in their character, and adapted to all ages of pupils.

The Songs contain pure moral sentiments, and are peculiarly adapted to render the exercises of the school room pleasant and refreshing.

No teacher with this book can fail to have good music in his school. Even if he does not sing, there are always pupils enough who can sing many of the hymns in this book without the aid of the teacher.

All schools, as far as possible, should commence and close the exercises of the day with a song of praise. This would tend greatly to refine and educate the moral elements of character, of which the pupil stands so much in need, and which, at the present day, is so much neglected.

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THE
AMERICAN
SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

I. 8 & 7 s. BOUNDING BILLOWS

Morning Song.

- 1 Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly ;
Or bright clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.
- 2 Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine ;
Shall I covet wealth and glory ?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine ?
- 3 No, my God, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart ;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

8 SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade ;
Heaven's bright realms will rise before me
'There my treasure will be laid.

II. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN. NUREMBERG.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Brothers, sisters, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine.

III. 7 s & 6 s. AMERICA.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing—
Help us to praise.

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heav'n and earth adored,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Be thou our comforter ;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Omnipotent thou art :
O, rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

IV. 7 s & 6 s. AMERICA

For Divine Guidance.

1 O God, thy grace impart ;
Revive my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire ;

Reveal thyself to me,
And may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

2 When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
O, Father, then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
And bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

V.

7 s & 6 s.

AMERICA

Praise to God.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name ;
Praise through his courts proclaim ;
Rise and adore ;

High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love :
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harps be found,
Organs with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around —
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string ;
Sweet the accord !
He vital breath bestows —
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose :
Praise ye the Lord.

VI.

7 s.

NUREMBERG

Praise.

1 Praise to God,—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days,
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 3 These, to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 4 Lord, to thee, my soul should raise
Grateful, never ending praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for THY SELF alone.

VII.

7 s.

NUREMBERG

The Acceptable Worship.

- 1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined .
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee, and all mankind.

VIII.

7 s.

NUREMBERG.

Parting Song.

- 1 When shall we all meet again ?
When shall we all meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

IX.

7 s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN

- 1 To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead they charge ;
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint — with summer's heat.
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread ;

With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard — and that my guide.

- 4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

X. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN
God. A. Refuge.

- 1 Father, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none :
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
Leave, O, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O, God, art all I want,
Boundless love, through Christ, I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take to thee,
Reign O Lord, within my heart ;
Reign to all eternity.

XI.

7 s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Heaven.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“ Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great afflictions came ,
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name .

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

XII.

L. M. HAMBURG—WARD.

Worship.

- 1 Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy seat,
'To worship thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day !
O, give thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

XIII.

L. M. HAMBURG—WARD

The God of all Grace.

- 1 Great God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.
- 2 Seasons, and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

- 4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

XIV. L. M. HAMBURG—WARD.

A Song for the Opening Year.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter words, our souls shall boast.

XV.

C. M.

BALERMA.

Wisdom.

- 1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes,
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are,
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

XVI.

C. M.

BALERMA

Praise from all Nature.

- 1 Begin the high, celestial strain
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.
- 3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony ; —
- 5 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Greater sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

XVII.

C. M.

BALERNA

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 O Thou, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend
Lo ! at the footstool of thy love
Thy children humbly bend.

- 2 All reverence to thy name be given,
Thy kingdom wide displayed :
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.
- 3 Our table may thy bounty spread
From thine exhaustless store :
From day to day, with daily bread,
Nor would we ask for more.
- 4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend ;
From all temptation, O relieve,
From every ill defend.
- 5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
Till time shall be no more.

XVIII. 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT
Closing Hymn.

- 1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day ;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

- 2 We have wandered ; O, forgive us,
We have wished from truth to rove ;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love
- 3 We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good ;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.
- 4 For his sake, O God, forgive us :
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

XIX. 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew ;
Praise him when revived creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.
- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers ;
Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.

- 3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
 Guide us in the way of truth.
 Keep our feet from paths of error,
 Make us holy in our youth.
- 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
 Angels, sing your sweetest lays :
 All things utter forth his glory,
 Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

XX. 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeiess goodness prove :
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

XXI.

8 & 7

WILMOT.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Part in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light ;
Are the shadows length'ning o'er us ?
Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil mem'ry to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

XXII.

8 & 7

WILMOT.

Ascription.

- 1 Gracious Source of every blessing !
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;
Let us each thy care possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace, companion of our way :
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

XXIII.

8 & 7

WILMOT

Glory to God.

- 1 Praise to thee thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue !
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

XXIV.

8 & 7 s.

WILMOT

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

XXV.

8 & 7 s.

WILMOT

Closing Hymn.

1 Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

XXVI.

8 7 & 4.

GREENVILLE.

God, our Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current :
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

XXVII.

8, 7 & 4.

GREENVILLE.

Dismission.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

XXVIII.

S & 7.

SICILIAN HYMN

Worship.

- 1 Peace be to this habitation :
 Peace to all that dwell therein :

Peace, the earnest of salvation :

Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us :

Fix in all our hearts thy home ;

With thy gracious presence cheer us :

Let thy sacred kingdom come ;

3 Raise to heaven our expectation,

Give our favored souls to prove

Glorious and complete salvation,

In the realms of bliss above. .

XXIX.

7 & 6 s.

AMSTERDAM.

Heaven.

1 Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings,

Thy better portion trace.

Rise from transitory things

Towards heav'n thy native place.

Sun, and moon, add stars decay ;

Time shall soon this earth remove ;

Rise, my soul, and haste away

To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,

Nor stay in all their course ;

Fire ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace

XXX.

7 & 6 s.

AMSTERDAM

Praise the Lord.

- 1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
- 2 Praise him for his noble deeds
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.
- 3 Praise him, every tuneful string ;
And all of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.
- 4 Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored ,
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

XXXI. 7 & 6. THE MORNING LIGHT.
Reflections at Sunset.

- 1 The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west :
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close ;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on that last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

XXXII. C. M. LANG SYNE.
Close of the Week.

- 1 O Lord, another week is flown,
And we, a youthful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours ?
 Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As in thy name we pray ;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are weak as they.
- 4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
 And bid our passion cease ;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace.

XXXIII.

L. M. HEBRON — WARD.

Delight in the Sabbath.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 O, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine:
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 When shall I see and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an eternal world of joy?

XXXIV. L. M. HEBRON — WARD.

Worship Acceptable from every Place.

- 1 O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue.
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 4 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

XXXV.

7 s.

IN A COTTAGE

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Watch of Israel! we shall rest
Calmly, if thy voice has blest;
If thou sayest, "All is well,
Ever wakeful sentinel,
- 2 If in sleep our spirits dream
Still, O still be thou the theme;
Heavenly let our spirits be,
E'en of dreaming, dream of thee!
- 3 But if sleep be far away,
And we watch till dawning day,
Let the Spirit still impart,
Calmness to each aching heart!

XXXVI.

7 s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Report of the Watchman.

First Voice.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.

Second Voice.

Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?

Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?

Traveller ! ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

4 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.

Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

XXXVII. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.
Heaven.

1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief ean entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

XXXVIII.

8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN.

Petition.

- 1 Father, in thy sacred dwelling,
Now we lift the voice in prayer,
While our gentle hearts are swelling,
Lend, O lend, a gracious ear !
View us on life's troubled waters,
Rudely toss'd by every tide ;
Guide us, infant sons and daughters,
O'er the billows far and wide.
- 2 Should the distant shadows rising,
Veil in clouds our vernal sky,
May we, on thy arm reclining,
Feel secure when danger's night.

Keep us, by thy spirit given,
Till the the voyage of life is past,
Safely to the port of heaven
Bring our weary souls at last.

XIX.

8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN

The Fount of Blessing.

- 1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
- 2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

XL.

8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 Praise the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

XLI. 7 & 6. MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Morning Song.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r.
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;

Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

XLII. 7 & 6.

MISSIONARY HYMN

Life Rapidly Passing Away.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave ;
And death is just before us :
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament, forever
The ruin of thy soul.

XLIII. 7 & 6. MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Remember thy Creator.

1 "Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;

Before with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear :
He cries, who died to save it,
“Thy great Creator fear.”

XLIV. 7 & 6.

THE WATCHER.

Pray Without Ceasing.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee ;
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

XLV.

L. M. WAY-FARING MAN.

The Love of God.

- 1 A poor, way faring-man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay !
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came ;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered — not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all — he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then —

And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock — his strength was
gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er, —
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew, —
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes ;
He spake, and my poor name he named, —
“ Of me thou hast not been ashamed.”
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

XLVI.

11 s.

SWEET HOME.

Home.

! The pleasures of earth I have seen fade
away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they
decay.

But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are
given,

Salvation on earth, and a mansion in
heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions, forever at
home.

2 Farewell vain amusements, my follies
adieu,

While Jesus and heaven and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home.

Home, etc. O when shall I share the frui-
tion of home?

3 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will
say,

“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
my throne,

And dwell in my presence, for ever at
home.”

Home, etc. O there I shall rest with the
Saviour at home.

- 4 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be
o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no
more ;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at
home.
Home, etc. They dwell ,etc.

XLVII. C. M. WHEN I CAN READ ETC.
Resignation.

- 1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

XLVIII. C. M. ORTONVILLE—DEDHAM
Christian Union.

- 1 Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own.
- 3 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
- 4 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

XLIX.

L. M. L's. BELVILLE.

The Lord our Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O, God, art with me still,

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

L. 6 & 4. HAPPY LAND

The Happy Land.

- 1 There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free :
Lord we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.

Oh, then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

LI. C. M. DEDHAM — BALERMA
Home of Rest.

- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with care oppressed :
When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy :
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy

LII.

L. M.

HEBRON.

Meekness.

- 1 Happy the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray :
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

LIII.

L. M. HEBRON—HAMBURG.

Sacred Ties.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What zealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flame in sacrifice.

LIV. L. M. 6 L's. BELVILLE.

Morning Petition.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O, Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend,
Teach me thy statutes, all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict's o'er, my labor's done—
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed:
And from death's gloom my spirit raise.
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

LV. L. M. DUKE ST.—WARD.

Rose of Sharon.

- 1 The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning breath,
May in the shades of evening fall
And bend its crimson head in death.
- 2 And earth's bright ones amid the tomb,
May like the blushing rose decay ;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.
- 3 And there amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
There sits the King of glory near,
And executes his perfect law.
- 4 The ransomed of the earth, with joy
Shall in their robes of beauty come ;
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the christian's happy home.

LVI. C. M. ORTONVILLE—DUNDEE.

Purity.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose '

- 2 Lo, such the youth whose holy feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone :
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

LVII.

L. M. DUKE ST.—WARD

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Awake my soul and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Illumined by the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise

- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew —
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

LVIII. L. M. HAMBURG — DUKE ST.

The Throne of Love.

- 1 There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love ;
Whose waters gladden as they lave,
The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 While streams that on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.
- 3 The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

- 4 There, O, my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there -
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

LIX.

L. M. DUKE St. — HAMBURG.

Jesus Shall Reign.

- 1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

LX. L. M. HAMBURG — OLD HUNDRED.
Our Father in Heaven.

- 1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven :
To thy great name be reverence given ;
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.
- 2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne ;
And let us every day be fed,
With earthly, and with heavenly bread.
- 3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus,
To pardon those who injure us ;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every trial far remove.
- 4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul ;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

LXI L. M. WARD — HAMBURG.
Petition.

- 1 Art thou my Father ? canst thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a one as I can raise ?

- 2 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee,
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

LXII.

L. M.

HAMBURG.

Children's Prayer.

- 1 O Lord, behold before thy throne,
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive;
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live
For ever safe, for ever blest.

- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray,
Make us sincere, and make each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

LXIII. L. M. HAMBURG — HELRON.

God Seen in His Works.

- 1 Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord;
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempest and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.
- 2 And when the setting sun declines,
I view Thee in its brilliant lines;
Those tints so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.
- 3 Great God! how should our worship rise
To Thee, who formed the earth and skies;
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

- 4 Then will I still adore thy name ;
Thou who forever art the same :
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

LXIV.

L. M.

WARD.

The River of God.

- 1 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God !
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

LXV.

L. M. WARD — DUKE ST.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 2 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

- 3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;
Thy watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 4 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

LXVI.

7 s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Source of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry !
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;

May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

- 4 Rather help them still to rise
Where our dearest treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life !

LXVII.

L. M.

HEBRON.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days !
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O, may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

- 5 And when the night of death shall come,
Still may I trust almighty love,—
The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
And leads to perfect bliss above.

LXVIII. L. M. HEBRON — DUKE ST.
Self-Consecration.

- 1 O, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant the Father's love,
Such strains as angel lips can sing.
- 2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn the Saviour's praise.
- 3 Great God, thy name we now adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And earthly joys, that charmed before,
For Christ, our Saviour, we resign.
- 4 In thee we trust, — on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong:
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng.

LXIX.

L. M. HEBRON — HAMBURG.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

LXX.

C. M.

CORONATION.

Coronation.

- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saved you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O, that with yonder, sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

LXXI.

C. M.

BRATTLE ST.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear ;
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

LXXII.

C. M.

CORONATION.

Gratitude for Preservation.

- 1 Come, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which in this hour we share.
- 3 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

- 4 Fast, fast our minutes fly away —
 Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
Then with our father we shall dwell,
 A family of peace.

LXXIII. S. M. OLMUTZ — ST. THOMAS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 The hours of evening close ,
 Its lengthened shadows drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
 And wait the morning dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
 O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for 'many things' assail
 The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
 His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence and fear,
 Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
 Than earth's our spirit's rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
 To pay the Lord our vows.

LXXIV. S. M. OLMUTZ — ST. THOMAS
Divine Guidance.

- 1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive :
And, when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe !
- 4 O, let us never tread
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God !

LXXV. S. M. OLMUTZ — BOYLSTON
God's Works Praise Him.

- 1 Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

- 2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.
- 3 These living hearts of ours,
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers
Would please thee, Father, less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise,
In better songs on high.

LXXVI.

L. M.

OLD HUNDRED.

Praise.

- 1 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
That thou art here, as there obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice, I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

LXXVII.

L. M.

OLD HUNDRED.

Song of Adoration.

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and health on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due :
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 O, may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone !

LXXVIII. L. M. WARD -- HERON
For the Close of School.

- 1 Father, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only Friend.
- 2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned.
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear then the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone :
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

LXXIX. 8 & 7. MOUNT VERNON
A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze ;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

- 3 Dearest sister thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled ,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

LXXX.

8 & 7.

BAVARIA.

Gratitude.

- 1 When the Olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again ;
When thy favored vintage flowing,
Gladdens the autumnal scene ;
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
By thy vines the poor shall glean.
- 2 When the vesper-star is beaming
In the coronet of even,
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven ;

When a thousand notes are blending
In the forest and the grove,
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto him whose name is Love.

3 When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west,
Brightly spangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest ;
When the milky-way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto him whose name is Love.

LXXXI.

C. M.

LANG SYNE.

The Hour Prayer.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest.
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy ;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

- 2 There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

LXXXII. C. M. DEDHAM — LANESBORO'.

Solitude.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

LXXXIII. C. M. ORTONVILLE — DEDHAM.

Retirement.

- 1 The calm retreat, the silent shade
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those that follow thee.
There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.
- 2 There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness to her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise ;
There, O my soul ! look up and view
Thy Father's smiling face ;
Here, promises he grants to you,
In heaven, a resting place.

LXXXIV. 12s. ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Let us Love one another.

- 1 Let us love one another — not long may we
stay
In this bleak world of mourning, so brief
is life's day ;
Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few linger till
eve ;
Oh ! there breaks not a heart but leaves
some one to grieve ;
- 2 And the fondest, the purest, the truest that
met,
Have still found the need to forgive and
forget ;
Then, oh ! though the hopes that we nour-
ished, decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

LXXXV. 7, 6, & 4. HOME.

The Invitation.

- 1 Soft, soft music is stealing
Sweet, sweet lingers the strain,
Loud, loud now it is pealing,
Waking the echoes again,
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Waking the echoes again.

2 Join, join, children of sadness,
Send, send, sorrow away ;
Now, now, changing to gladness,
Warble a beautiful lay ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Warble a beautiful lay.

3 Hope, hope, fair and enduring,
Joy, joy, bright as the day,
Love, love, heaven ensuring,
Sweetly invite you away ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Sweetly invite you away

LXXXVI.

7 s.

HOLLY.

Evening.

1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

LXXXVII.

7 s.

WILMOT

Opening of School.

- 1 Suppliant, lo ! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou cans't teach us, guide, defend ;
 We are weak, Almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teachers blest ;
 In our lives, and in our hearts,
 Father, by thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and pardon from above ;
 Charity for all our kind, —
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

LXXXVIII.

WILMOT — PLEYEL's H.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play;
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently.
- 2 Father by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest work to leave,

Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone.

4 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie ;
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee

LXXXIX. L. M. BONNIE DOON — HEBRON.
Morning Hymn.

- 1 While nature welcomes in the day,
My heart its earliest vows would pay
To Him whose care hath kindly kept,
My life from danger while I slept.
- 2 His genial rays the sun renews ;
How bright the scene with glittering dews !
The blushing flowers more beauteous
bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.
- 3 So may the sun of righteousness
With kindest beams my bosom bless,

Warm into life each heavenly seed,
To bud and bear some generous deed.

XC.

LOVELY ROSE

Evening Song.

- 1 Come bless this evening's closing hour,
Lovely song !
Attune our hearts to sing thy pow'r,
Lovely song !
Now bless our weary soul,
Sweetly by thy soothing power,
Brighten ev'ry gloomy hour
With soft control.
- 2 Here's nought to mar our pleasures,
Lovely song !
We'll yield thee richest treasures,
Lovely song !
Now pour thy sweetest lay,
Stirring all our hearts to gladness,
Driving care and gloomy sadness
Far away.
- 3 This evening's sun's declining rays,
Lovely song !
Shall witness thy reviving lays,
Lovely song !

Soon we shall leave this place,
For our homes and happy firesides,
And for sleep, that gently glides
O'er all our race.

May morning wake thy slumbers,
Lovely song!
And may to-morrow's numbers,
Lovely song!

Be like the syren's strain,
Gently soothing all our troubles,
Guiding us beyond life's bubbles,
Pure bliss to gain.

XCI.

Oh! Come, Come away.

1 Oh! come, come away from labor now
reposing,

Let busy care a while forbear,

Oh! come, come away.

Come, come, our social joys renew,
And there where Trust and Friendship
grew,

Let true hearts welcome you,

Oh! come, come away.

- 2 From toil, and the cares on which the
day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh ! come, come away.
Oh ! come, where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time fly merrily.
Oh ! come, come away.
- 3 While sweet Philomel the weary trav'ler
cheering,
With evening songs her note prolongs,
Oh ! come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing, in tuneful harmony
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty.
Oh ! come, come away.
- 4 The bright day is gone ; the moon and stars
appearing,
With silver light illumine the night,
Oh ! come, come away.
Come, join your pray'rs with ours, address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless
With Health, Hope, Happiness.
Oh ! come, come away.

XCII. C. M. BALERMA — ORTONVILLE.

Our Destiny.

- 1 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky !
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose in air, whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye !
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring of days and roses made
Whose charms forever vie !
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Be wise then mortal, while you may,
For swiftly time has fled ;
The thoughtless ones who laugh to day,
To-morrow may be dead.

XCIII. C. M. BALERMA — ORTONVILLE.

Love, the golden Chain.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord ;
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word.

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

XCIV. C. M. LANESBORO' — ORTONVILLE
Pleasant Words.

- 1 A little word in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's sad,
And made a friend sincere.
- 2 A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower ;
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

XCV. C. M. LANG SYNE — BALERMA

My Father's House.

- 1 There is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
- 2 My Father's house, my heavenly home !
Where 'many mansions' stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek the 'better land.'
- 3 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide.
- 4 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

- 5 In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete.
- 6 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

XCVI.

7 s

WILMOT.

Morning Invocation.

- 1 Sleep forsakes us, may the soul
 Gladden in its Maker's sight ;
 As the clouds that o'er us roll,
 Sparkle in the morning light.
- 2 God of life be thou the ray,
 Of our dim and wandering course ;
 Light us as the star of day,
 On to truth's eternal source.

XCVII.

8 & 7s.

WILMOT

Pity's Tear.

- 1 Softly beams the dews of morning
 On each graceful budding stem ;
 Rich as Orient Pearls adorning
 Persia's proudest diadem.

- 2 Brightly in the dome of heaven,
Shines the stars with golden crest ;
Smiling 'mid the blue of even,
On the ocean's mirrored breast.
- 3 But more soft, more brightly beaming,
To the pearl drops mild and meek,
In love's hallowed audience gleaming
Pity's tear on beauty's cheek.

XCVIII.

L. M.

BONNIE DOON.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When marshalled on the nightly plain,
A glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem

XCIX.

7s. & 6s. MORNING LIGHT

Morning Hymn.

- 1 The eastern hills are glowing
With morning's purple ray ;
Arrayed in light, he's coming,
The glorious orb of day !
All hail, thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above !
Of him, so great and glorious,
And yet so full of love.
- 2 How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new !
On every grass blade twinkles,
The pearly drop of dew.
How good is he who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day !
With grateful hearts we'll praise him
In morning's earliest ray.

C. 8s. & 7s. GREENVILLE.

Prayer for Success.

- 1 Thou who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee ;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion see ;
Bless the labors,
That would bring them up for thee.
- 2 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction
And prevent its growing cold ;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.
- 3 Yet, with humble fervor bending,
We that blessing would entreat ;
In the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet ;
Straight to Zion
Turn the young inquirer's feet.
- 4 Then, when long we all have slumbered
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransomed people numbered

With the assembly of the just ;
Child and teacher,
Saviour ! own our humble trust.

CI.

“Land of our Fathers.”

1 Land of our Fathers ! wheresoe'er we roam,
Land of our birth ! to us thou still art home ;
Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend ;
Down to posterity their influence descends
All then inviting hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony our native land.

Our native land, etc.

! Though other climes may brighter hopes
fulfil,
Land of our birth ! we ever love thee still !
Heaven shield our happy home from each
hostile band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native
land.

All then inviting hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony our native land.

Our native land, etc.

CII.

Shed not a Tear.

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early
beir,

When I am gone, when I am gone ;
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should
hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round
my grave,

Think who has died his beloved to save ;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall
have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me

When I am gone, when I am gone.

Sing me a song, if my grave you should
see,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's
day,

Come when the sun sheds his last linger-
ing ray,

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,

When I am gone, I am gone

CIII.

The Crystal Spring.

- 1 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high ;
Where the rocks and the woods their shadows fling,
And the pearls and the pebbles lie.
- 2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow ;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
From the frost, or the fleecy snow.
- 3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone ;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the
echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.
- 4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear ;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.
- 5 Give me a draught of the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day ;
But if aught from the worm of the still
you bring,
I will pour every drop away.

CIV.

Sparkling and Bright.

- 1 Sparkling and bright in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses,
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you
wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

CHORUS.

Oh then resign the ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter ;
There's nothing so good for the
youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

- 2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountains flowing ;
A calm delight both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

Oh then resign, etc.

- 3 Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother ;
'They've given up the poison'd cup,
Sor, husband, daughter, brother.

Oh then resign, etc.

CV.

SWEET AFTON.

Flow Gently Sweet Croton.

- 1 Flow gently sweet Croton, among thy green trees,
Flow gently, we'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver stream ;
And here we would linger, by moonlight's soft beam.
The tide of intemperance has had its full sway ;
The wine cup we banish away, far away
Then come to old Gotham, our city of fame.
We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Croton, again.
- 2 Thy crystal stream, Croton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where contentment resides ;
At evening we fain by thy green banks would stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils o the day

Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy
green boughs,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of our
lays ;
O'er hills and o'er valleys thy bright water
comes,
To cheer and enliven our own happy
homes.

CVI.

7s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Harvest Hymn.

- 1 Every sheaf of golden grain,
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.
- 2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
Nobler thanks for richer food ;
Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven,
- 3 Lord ! to these thy favors, give
Hearts to serve thee while we live ;
Till we reap, where Jesus is,
Harvests of immortal bliss.

CVII.

7s.

IN A COTTAGE.

Closing School.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer.
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain ;
May we, if we live, be brought,
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

CVIII.

Swiss Song---The Spring Time.

- 1 The sweet birds are winging,
||: From arbor to spray ; :||
And cheerily singing
Of spring time and May,
Merry May, merry May ;

Sing, shepherds, sing with me,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Sing, shepherds, sing with me,
Merry, merry, May.

- 2 The cattle are lowing,
||: Come up from your hay—:||
Lads, let us be going,
The morning is May,
Merry May, merry May;
Sing, shepherds, etc.

CIX.

The last Rose of Summer.

- 1 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!
- 2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where the mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

- 3 So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

CX.

The Cottager's Song.

- 1 In the cottage near the wood,
Health and happiness combine ;
Me to bless with every good,
That can render life divine,
Though but lowly be my state,
I'll not envy all the great,
Thus contented with my lot,
Happy in my humble cot.

- 2 There, beneath my humble cot,
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell ;
Sweet contentment still my lot, —
Smiling joy can grace a cell.
Nature's wants are all supplied,
Food and raiment, house and fire :
Wealth may swell in courts of pride,
This is all that I desire.

CXI.

C. M.

DUNDEE.

The Request.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

CXII.

C. M.

DEDHAM.

The Bible a Treasure.

- 1 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
Those children are divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.

- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin :
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXIII.

7 s.

W.H.MOT.

When our Fathers.

- 1 When our fathers, long ago,
Fled from persecution's flame,
O'er the dark tempestuous sea,
Little children with them came,
Little children knelt and pray'd,
With their Sires on freedom's shore,
Raised the grateful notes of joy,
Louder than the ocean's roar

2 Bursting on night's darkest hour,
Children heard the savage yell,
And the loud and fearful cry,
Of their parents as they fell ;
Children sang in latter times,
Liberty's inspiring lay,
Glowing hearts in concert hailed
Each returning festal day.

3 But a nobler, sweeter song
We this day have met to sing ;
Praise to him in Bethlehem born,
Him, our Saviour and our King ;
He has conquered — lo he comes,
Leading captive death and sin ;
Open, open wide your gates,
Let the King of glory in.

4 Jesus, Jesus, yes, 'tis he,
Evermore the children's friend,
We have one request for thee ;
Teachers, faithful teachers send ;
Send them through this guilty world,
To make glad th' abodes of sin ;
Open, open wide your gates,
Let the King of glory in.

CXIV.

FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL

Go to thy Rest.

- 1 Go to thy rest, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head ;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.
- 2 Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,
Ere sin might wound thy heart,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.
- 3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight,

Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy homeward flight detain ?
No ! Angel ! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

CXV.

Far o'er Hill and Dell.

1 Far, far o'er hill and dell,
On the winds stealing ;
List to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing.
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say ;
As melts the sounds away :
So earth's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling,

2 Now though the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending.
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

3 Here, o'er a father's tomb,
See the orphan bending,
And from the churchyard's gloom,
Hear the dirge ascending.
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How short ambition's sway,
Life's joys and friendship's ray,
In the grave ending.

CXVI.

7 & 6 s. MORNING LIGHT

Children's Prayer for a Blessing.

1 It is not earthly pleasure
That withers in a day,
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away;
It is not friends that leave us,
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy beyond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul;

He that is meek and lowly,
The saviour's face shall see ;
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy spirit near us,
While we thy word are taught ;
And may these days that cheer us,
With future good be fraught.
May we to heaven invited,
When life and youth are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

CXVII. C. M. ORTONVILLE

Fourth of July Hymn.

1 To Thee, our Father and our Friend
Their hymn to-day shall rise ;
O from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless the sacrifice !

2 While thro' our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee ;
Our accents shall the notes prolong ;
We children, too, are free !

- 3 The past with blessings from thy hand,
Was richly scattered o'er ;
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.
- 4 O may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favors less
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

CXVIII.

P. M.
Truth.

LILLY DALL.

- 1 Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide
Until thy dying day,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Be truthful, be honest,
Be just, my child,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
- 2 Thy heart shall then be free and light,
And near the crystal spring,
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than when the wicked sing.
Be truthful, etc.

3 Oh, ! then be sacred truth thy guide
Until thy dying day ;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Be truthful, etc.

4 Thy children then shall nightly come,
And weep around thy tomb ;
And flowers above thy moistened grave
Shall shed their rich perfume.
Be truthful, etc.

CXIX.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

Patriotic Song.

1 Before all lands from east to west,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming ;
No gold nor jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eyes with joy are gleaming.

2 Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best ;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art ;
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

- 3 Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit : —
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

CXX.

CARRY ME BACK.

The Pleasant School.

- 1 The pleasant school in yonder village
I went to from day to day,
And boys and girls together learned
To study, and sing, and play.
'Twas my delight, at morning break,
To look all my lessons o'er ; —
O, carry me back to school again,
To my pleasant school once more.
- 2 My schoolboy days were short and
merry,
And merry my heart shall be,
As I think upon the innocent joys
Our school-room gave to me.
But I miss some lessons I lost at school,
And it grieves my heart full sore, —
So carry me back, etc

- 3 Oh, tell me not I've passed the limit
You've set in the schoolboy's prime,
That the World is now the school for me,
And my only teacher, Time!
I would go to school where once I went,
And stand on the same old floor,—
Then carry me back, etc.

CXXI.

O! SUSANNA.

The School.

- 1 It is not in the noisy street
That pleasure 's often found ;
It is not where the idle meet,
That purest joys abound.
But where the faithful teacher stands,
With firm but gentle rule ;
Ah ! that's the happiest place for me,
The pleasant common school.
Oh, the school-room,
O, that's the place for me ;
You'll rarely find, go where you will,
A happier set than we.
- 2 We never mind the burning sun,
We never mind the showers,
We never mind the drifting snow
While life and health are ours ;

But when the merry school bell throws
Its welcome in the air,
In spite of rain and drifting snows,
You'll always find us there.
Oh ! the school-room, etc.

3 The stamp that's borne on manhood's
brow
Is traced in early years ;
The good or ill we're doing now,
In future life appears :
And as our youthful hours we spend
In study, toil or play,
We trust that each his aid will lend
To cheer us on our way.
Oh ! the school-room, etc.

CXXII.

LIGHTLY Row.

Morning.

- Silently ! silently !

Ope and close the school-room door ;
Carefully ! carefully !

Walk upon the floor !

Let us, let us strive to be
From disorder ever free ;
Happily ! happily
Passing time away.

2 Cheerfully ! cheerfully !

Let us in our work engage,
With a zeal ! with a zeal !

Far beyond our age ;—

And if we should chance to find
Lessons that perplex the mind,
Persevere ! persevere !
Never borrow fear.

3 Now we sing ! now we sing,

Gaily as the birds of spring,
As they hop ! as they hop,

On the high tree top !

Let us be as prompt as they,
In our work and in our play ;
Happily ! happily
Passing time away.

CXXIII.

OLD GRANITE STATE.

The Village School.

1 ||: We have come to our School room :||

With spirit's light and gay ;

||: And in search of knowledge :||

We will pass our time away.

The wide-spreading pond and the mill
which stood near it,

The bridge and the rock where the
cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house
nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound
bucket,

The moss cover'd bucket that hung in the
well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hail as a trea-
sure,

For often at noon when return'd from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite plea-
sure,

The purest and sweetest that nature
could yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom
it fell,

Then soon with the emblem of truth
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness it rose from
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to
receive it.

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me
to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that
Jupiter sips.

And now far removed from the loved
situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
well.

CXXVI.

P. M.

DAN TUCKER.

Happy School.

- 1 We greet with joy this happy day,
And we will drive dull care away,
Hearts full of cheer, we'll never fear,
While we in wisdom's ways appear.
Then shout aloud ! shout aloud !
Shout aloud ! swell the chorus,
Happy days are yet before us.
- 2 O ! we will love our happy school,
And never play the "idle fool"—
United all in heart and hand ;
O ! are we not a happy band ?
Then shout, etc.
- 3 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Let peace and love our hearts unite,
And when our daily task is o'er,
We sing the song we sung before.
Then shout, etc.

CXXVII.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Auld Lang Syne at School.

- 1 Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?

Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2 We oft have cheered each other's task
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

3 Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine ;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

CXXVIII. P. M. AWAY TO SCHOOL.
Away the Bowl.

1 Our youthful hearts with temperance burn,
Away, away the bowl ;
From dram shops all our steps we turn,
Away, away the bowl ;

Farewell to rum and all its harms,
Farewell the winecup's boasted charms,
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away,
away the bowl.

2 See how that staggering drunkard reels !
Away, away the bowl ;
Alas, the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl ;
His children grieve, his wife 's in tears !
How sad his once bright home appears !
Away the bowl, etc.

3 We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
Away, away the bowl !
The tippler's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.
United in a temperance band,
We're joined in heart, we're joined in
hand,
Away the bowl, etc.

CXXIX.

7s. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

'Temperance Call.

1 Come, ye children, learn to sing ;
Temperance songs are just the thing :

Tune your voices, make them ring
 They'll give life a cheerful spring.
 Cheerily, readily, come along ;
 Sign the pledge, and sing the song.

2 Blooming youth, come sing the song,
 Tune your lips, the strains prolong ;
 Sit not by the wine too long,
 Grief and wo to it belong.
 Cheerily, readily, etc.

3 Lovely maid, the call obey,
 Tune your lips, and keep away
 From the tyrant's awful sway,
 And be not the bibber's prey.
 Cheerily, readily, etc.

4 Anxious parent, hear the call ;
 See ! your children great and small,
 Come to you with loudes' call —
 Sign the pledge, and save them all.
 Cheerily, readily, etc.

CXXX.

7 s. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The Temperance Banner.

1 Raise your Banner high in air,
 Write *Cold Water* — write it there ;

Let its folds be wide unfurl'd,
Let it float o'er all the world —
Temperance Banner — raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky !

2 March, Reformers, march ye on,
Soon the battle will be won ;
Soon the last poor, staggering soul,
Will have turned — or found his goal,
Press, Reformers, press ye on,
Cease not, till the battle's won !

3 See, yon star is rising high ;
Hope is bending from the sky ;
See, yon Rainbow bending o'er
Ireland's lately deluged shore ;
See, her star is rising high,
Hope is bending from the sky !

4 Hark ! I hear yon spirits cry,
Come and see us — for we die ;
Brandy, Rum, and Gin are dead ;
Wine and Beer are frighthened, fled.
And the very winds reply,
Alcohol shall surely die !

5 Raise your Banner, raise it high ;
Let it flap against the sky ;

Let the world adorning see ;
Temperance — Truth — and Liberty —
Temperance Banner ; raise it high ;
Let it flap against the sky !

CXXXI. ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING
The Drunkard's Bowl.

- 1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me ;
It kills his body and his soul ;
How sad a sight is he !
But there's a drink which God has given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free,
O that's the drink for me.
- 2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me ;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he ;
O, that's the stream for me.

- 3 The winecup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me ;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see.
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days ; —
O, that's the cup for me.

CXXII.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

Cold Water Song.

- 1 Before all causes east or west,
I love the temperance cause the best —
I love its cheerful greetings ;
I love the tales the speakers tell,
The songs we sing while echoes swell
At our Cold Water Meetings,
At our Cold Water Meetings.
- 2 Before all laws, or east or west,
I count the law of Love the best —
Its accents mildly spoken,
Will harmless make the poisoned bowl —
Bind up the wounded, and control
The heart that's almost broken,
The heart, etc.

CXXIII.

Evening Bell.

- 1 Hark ! the pealing,
Softly stealing,
Evening bell,
Sweetly echoed
Down the dell.
- 2 Welcome, welcome
Is thy music,
Silvery bell !
Sweetly telling
Day's farewell !
- 3 Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
Tears of dew ;
Stars are peeping
Ever true.
- 4 Grove and mountain,
Field and fountain,
Faintly gleam
In the ruddy
Sunset beam.
- 5 Happy hour,
May thy power

Fill my breast ;
Each wild passion
Soothe to rest.

CXXIV

Call of the Bell.

- 1 Hark ! the deep ton'd bell is calling,
Come ! O, come,
Weary ones where'er you wander,
Come ! O, come :
Louder now and louder pealing,
On the heart that voice is stealing,
Come, nor longer roam.
- 2 Now again its tones are pealing,
Come ! O, come,
In the sacred temple kneeling,
Seek thy home :
Come, and round the altar bending,
Love the place where God, descending,
Calls the spirit home.
- 3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
Come ! O, come,
Every heart pure incense bringing,
" Hither come ! "
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home.

CXXV.

Wherefore weapest thou?

- 1 Schoolmate wherefore weapest thou, weapest
thou, weapest thou,
Schoolmate wherefore weapest thou, weapest
thou so sore,
Schoolmate does our parting grieve thee,
Weep'st thou that I go and leave thee,
Schoolmate dear! then weep not now,
Schoolmate weep no more. Tra la la, &c.
- 2 Schoolmate we shall soon return, soon re-
turn, soon return,
Schoolmate we shall soon return, grieve thou
not so sore;
While at distance from thee parted,
Be not like the broken hearted,
Schoolmate dear then weep not now,
Schoolmate weep no more. Tra la la, &c.

CXXVI.

"Bright smiles the Morn."

- 1 Bright smiles the morn when flowers are
blooming,
Sing tra la la la la la la;
When skies are clear and birds are singing,
Sing tra la la la la la la:

Come ! schoolmates let us haste away,
And join the pleasures of this day.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

2 Hail, happy day, each other greeting,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

May all enjoy a happy meeting,

Sing tra la la la la la la ;

O'er hill and dale our footsteps roam,

Or by the ocean's briny foam.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

3 Sweet fields of green with waving splendor,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

Sweet flowers your silent tribute render,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

To him who made you thus so blest,

And in a robe of beauty drest.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

4 Sweet birds, your bowers are ever vernal,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

To us you're given by the Eternal ;

Sing tra la la la la la la ;

Like your sweet day may ours appear,

When evening shades approach more near.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

CXXVII.

God speed the Right.

- 1 Brothers, sing with voice united,
 “God speed the right;”
Sisters, join with hearts delighted,
 “God speed the right!”
Lo! the winds in silence bearing,
Lo! all nature’s voice proclaiming,
 “God speed the right!”
- 2 Be ye firm and be enduring,
 “God speed the right;”
Always in the right pursuing,
 “God speed the right.”
When all obstacles impede thee,
Trust in heaven for strength to aid thee:
 “God speed the right!”
- 3 When life’s conflicts all are over,
 “God speed the right;”
May we ne’er prove faithless, never,
 “God speed the right;”
When all earthly ties are sundered,
When our days on earth are numbered,
 “God speed the right.”

CXXVIII.

The Happy Land.

- 1 I have come from a happy land,
 Where care is unknown:

I have parted from a merry band
To make thee mine own.
Haste, haste, fly with me,
Where our banquet waits for thee :
Thine, thine its sweets shall be,
Thine, thine alone.

2 Here summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose leaf will fall ;
There angels wear no gloomy shroud,
There's no mournful pall ;
Each new morning ray
Leaves no sigh for yesterday,
No smile passed away,
Would we recall.

3 Is trouble on thy youthful brow,
Is sorrow on thy soul ;
O, heed then, my warning now,
And spurn pleasure's bowl ;
Here ! here ! you'll seek in vain,
For a balm to banish pain,
'There's nought your lips can drain
Will grief control.

4 Come and touch this gentle hand,
Thy sorrow 'twill remove ;
Thy pain will cease when lightly fanned
By music from above.

Haste, then, fly with me,
Where our banquet waits for thee,
Thine, thine its sweets shall be,
Thine, thine alone.

CXXIX.

The Poachers.

- 1 How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long ;
When merry birds are singing
Their light and blithesome song.
Then in the morning early
Awake to nature's voice ;
O take delight with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the morn.
- 2 Up in the morning early,
By day-light's earliest ray ;
Up in the morning early,
Nor spend a slothful day ;
Then call thy slumbering comrades,
To bless, and praise, and pray ;
Then take delight with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the day.
- 3 " Up in the morning early,
Tis nature's gayest hour ;"
And seek the tints so pearly,
On every opening flower ;

And gather like the humble bee,
Fresh sweets from every bower ;
Then take delight with thy heart aright
For the blessings of the day.

4 The dewy grass all waving,
Beneath a vernal sky ;
The flowers their tribute bringing,
Proclaim that God is nigh.
And nature smiles on every thing,
Without one cheerless sigh.
Then take delight with thy heart aright
For the blessings of the day.

CXXX.

Begone, dull Care.

1 Begone, dull sloth,
I pray thee begone from me,
Begone, dull sloth,
You and I can never agree ;
For I will work, and I will learn,
And usefully pass the day,
And I think it one of the wisest things
To drive dull sloth away.
Sloth and waste,
Debts never are able to pay.

2 Go, vile Deceit,
 You never shall live with me ;
Go, vile Deceit,
 You and I shall never agree ;
For I will faithful pray to be,
 In all I do or say,
And always speak the honest truth,
 Whether at work or play.
 Vile Deceit,
 With me shall never stay.

3 Bad Temper, go,
 You never shall stay with me :
Bad Temper, go,
 You and I shall never agree ;
For I will always, kind and mild,
 And gentle, pray to be ;
And do to others, as I wish
 That they should do to me.
 Temper bad,
 With me shall never stay.

CXXXI.

School is begun.

1 School is begun, so come every one,
 And come with smiling faces,
For happy are they, who learn when they may,
 So come and take your places.

- 2 Here you will find, your teachers are kind,
And with their help succeeding,
The older you grow, the more you will know,
And soon you'll love your reading.
- 3 Little boys, when you grow to be men,
And fill some useful station,
If you should once be found out as a dunce,
O think of your vexation.
- 4 Little girls, too, a lesson for you,
To learn is now your duty,
Or no one will deem you worthy esteem,
Whate'er your youth or beauty.

CXXXII.

Welcome to School.

1 Come where joy and gladness
Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest,
Come where grief-and sadness,
Will not find a dwelling in your breast.
Time with us will pass away,
With books, or work, or healthful play;
Sometimes with a cheerful song,
The happy hours will glide along.

2 Thus our days employing,
We are always learning some useful thing;

These pursuits enjoying,
Merrily together we will sing.
Though in sports we take delight,
We also love to read and write ;
Those who teach us too we prize,
Who strive to make us good and wise.

CXXXIII.

No Home like my own.

1 Why, ah ! why my heart this sadness,
Why, 'mid scenes like these decline,
Where all though strange, is joy and gladness ;
Say, what wish can yet be thine ?
O say what wish can yet be thine.

2 All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless, here I roam ;
The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting,
To me can never be like home,
To me can never be like home.

3 Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my father and my mother ;
Give, O give me back my home,
My own, my own dear native home.

CXXXIV.

O, wipe away that Tear.

- 1 O, wipe away that tear,
The pearly drop I see,
Let hope thy bosom cheer,
As yon bright star we see !
Yes, when from thee away,
Sweet hope shall be our star,
We do not part for aye ;
I'll welcome thee afar.
- 2 Our pleasant cottage home,
The dear remembered spot,
Though far away we roam,
It shall not be forgot ;
The thought will often thrill,
Each heart with pleasure then,
When heart to heart we still,
Shall often meet again !
- 3 The flowers of spring come back,
Their fragrance mem'ry keeps,
They strew life's weary track,
Where fond affection weeps ;
Our thoughts on heav'n be set,
'Twill soothe away our care,
While hope grows brighter yet,
To think our home is there.

- 4 At close of parting day,
Ere yon bright star is set,
Still meet me while away,
'Mid scenes we'll not forget;
I'll watch the setting star,
And think I look to thee,
And thus, though sundered far,
How near our hearts may be!
- 6 How dear is every spot,
Where often we have strayed,
The mountain and the cot,
The greenwood where we played;
The tree whose branches hung,
So graceful o'er the rill,
Upon whose banks we sung,
The songs that please us still.
- 6 At evening's quiet hour,
Then come to me in thought,
In mem'ry tread the bower,
In childhood often sought,
We'll sing those early songs,
Those oft repeated lays,
Whose brightest note belongs
To young life's brightest days.

CXXXV.

The Pilot.

- 1 O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night;
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep: —
“Go down;” the sailor cried, “go down;
This is no place for thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”
- 2 Ah! Pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight;
And thou hast known these raging waves,
But to subdue their might:
“O, 'tis not apathy,” he cried,
“That gives this strength to me;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”
- 3 On such a night the sea engulfed
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm:
And such, perhaps, may be my fate;
But still I say to thee,
“Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”

CXXXVI.

The Watcher.

- 1 The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
A watcher pale and tearful
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth,
No gleam of morn is there;
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth,
In agony of prayer.
- 2 Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain,
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be;
But O, for morn to see him,
Smile once again on me.
- 3 A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing,
They heed not morning there;
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

4 The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray ;
Beside her babe reclining,
The pale dead mother lay ;
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing,
There's light for us above.

CXXXVII.

Araby's Daughter.

1 Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter,
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
sea ;
No pearl ever lay under Omen's green
water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
thee.
O fair as the sea flower close to thee growing,
How light was my heart till love's witch-
ery came.
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer
lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its
frame.

2 But long upon Araby's green sunny high-
lands,

Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom,

Of her who lies sleeping among the green
islands,

With nought but the sea-star to light up
her tomb.

And still when the merry date season is
burning,

And calls to the palm-groves the young
and the old,

The happiest there from their pastime re-
turning,

At sunset will weep when thy story is
told.

8 The young village maid with flowers she
dresses,

Her dark flowing hair for some festival
day,

Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her
tresses,

She mournfully turns from the mirror
away ;

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her hero forget
thee,

Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start ;

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll
set thee,

Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

4 Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pil-
low,

With every thing beauteous that grows in
the deep :

Each flower of the rock, and each gem of
the billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
sleep ;

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest am-
ber

That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept ;

With many a shell in whose hollow wreathed
chamber,

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

CXXXVIII.

Merry Month of May.

1 Hail ! all hail ! thou merry month of May,
We will hasten to the woods away ;

Among the flowers so sweet and gay ;
Then away, to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry merry May ;
Then away, to hail the merry merry month
of May.

CXXXIX.

No Home like my own.

- 1 Brother, rest from sin and sorrow ;
Death is o'er and life is won ;
Upon thy slumber dawns no morrow :
Rest ; thine earthly race is run,
O rest ; thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake ! the night is waning ;
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Then enter thou the rest remaining,
For the people of the Lord, &c.
- 3 Brother, wake ; for he who loved thee, —
He who died that thou mightst live, —
For he who graciously approved thee, —
Waits thy crown of joy to give, &c.
- 4 Fare thee well ; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Then triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above, &c.

CXL.

Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

1 Come, come, come.

Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone ;

The woodman's axe lies free,

And the reaper's work is done,

The twilight star to heav'n,

And the summer dew to flowers,

And rest to us is given,

By the soft evening hours.

2 Sweet, sweet, sweet.

Sweet is the hour of rest,

Pleasant the woods' low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie,

When the burden and the heat

Of the laborer's task is o'er,

And kindly voices greet

The tired one at his door.

3 Yes, yes, yes.

Yes, tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whisp'ring boughs,

Welcome the freshness round,

And the gale that fans our brows ;

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever the night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

4 There, there, there.
There shall no tempests blow,
Nor scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

CXLI.

The Gipsies.

1 In the merry month of Maying,
When balmy breezes blow,
We'll lads and lasses in our best
Be dressed from top to toe;
We'll dance and sing the jocund song upon
the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity around
us shall be seen;
And thus we'll pass a pleasant time,
Nor think of care or woe,

In the merry month of Maying,

When balmy breezes blow,

In the merry month of Maying,

When balmy breezes blow.

2 Our hearts with joy and eyes with light,

Shall feast on nature gay ;

While trees their leafy branches spread,

And perfume fills the way.

'Tis then we'll hear the cuckoo's note,

Steal softly through the air,

While every scene around will look

Most beautiful and fair.

And thus we'll spend, &c.

3 We'll from the spring fill every glass,

And drink to friends most dear ;

And wish them many happy days,

And many a happy year.

Then upwards we will turn our thoughts,

And think of him above,

Who kindly spreads the flowery lawn

With his unchanging love.

And thus we'll spend, &c.

CXLII.

Blue Eyed Mary.

1 Come tell me, blue eyed stranger,

Say, whither dost thou roam ;

O'er this wide world a ranger ;
Hast thou no friends nor home ;
They called me blue eyed Mary,
When friends and fortune smiled ;
But ah, how fortunes vary !
I now am sorrow's child.

2 Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot ;
Still wet with morning showers —
I'll buy, " forget me not ;"
Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth ;
But never like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

CXLIH.

O, it is not while Riches.

1 O, it is not while riches and splendor sur-
round us,
That friendship and friends can be put to
the test ;
'Tis but when affliction's cold presence has
bound us,
We find which the hearts are that love us
the best ;
For friends will fawn at fortune's dawn,

When the breeze and the tide waft us
steadily on ;

But if sorrow o'ertakes us, each false one
forsakes us,

And leaves us to sink or to struggle alone.

2 And though on love's altar, the flame that
is glowing,

Be brighter, still friendship is steadier far ;
One wavers and turns with each breeze that
is blowing,

And is but a meteor — the other's a star ;
In youth, love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past,
While friendship's flame burns ever the same,
And glows but the brighter the nearer its
cast.

CXLIV.

Child and the Snow-Bird.

1 The ground was all covered with snow one
day,

And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a
tree,

And merrily singing his Chick-a-de-de, chick
a-de-de, chick-a-de-de,

And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

- 2 He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song —
“O, sister, look out of the window,” said she;
“Here’s a dear little bird, singing chick-a-
de-de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 3 “Poor fellow, he walks in the snow and the
sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his
feet;
I pity him so, how cold must he be,
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de,
chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 4 “If I were a barefooted snow-bird I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the
snow. —
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,
He’s all the time singing that chick-a-de-de,
chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 5 “O mother, do get him some stockings and
shoes,
A frock, and a cloak, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-
a-de-de, chick-a-de-de,” &c.

- 6 The bird had flown down for some crumbles
of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said;
“What a figure I’d make in that dress!”
thought he;
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-
de-de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 7 “I am grateful,” he said, “for the wish you
express,
But I have no occasion for such a fine
dress;
I had rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-
de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 8 “There is ONE, my dear child, though I
cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough,
too. —
Good morning! O who are so happy as
we?” —
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-
de, chick-a-de-de, &c.

CXLV.

The Savoyard Minstrel’s Song.

- 1 Of my parents bereft,
And no friends have I left,

No protector have I;
I'm a poor orphan boy.
From my country and home,
Now deserted I roam,
O'er the mountains afar,
With my plaintive guitar.

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la.

- 2 But adieu to the hills,
And the bright sparkling rills,
And the cot in the glen,
I shall ne'er see again.
It reëchoed my song
As I wandered along,
And the notes brought relief
To my heart full of grief.
Tra la la la, &c.

- 3 Then its chords sweetly rung,
To my innocent song,
Ere I drank of the wine
Of my own native vine.
But I soon was, alas !
Quite a slave to the glass ; —
And I weep for the day
When it first stole my lay.
Tra la la la, &c.

4 But the rescue's at hand,
And the cold water band
Have restored me again
From my heart-breaking pain.
And my lyre is now strung
For its loftiest song,
Praising God in defence
Of divine abstinence.
Tra la la la, &c.

CXLVI.

Merrily every Bosom boundeth.

1 Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!
Where the song of temp'rance soundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!
Where the parent's smile hath more brightness,
There the youthful heart hath more lightness,
Every joy the home surroundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!
Merrily, merrily, merrily O!
Merrily O! merrily O!

2 Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily O! wearily O!
Where the weed intemperance twineth,
Wearily O! wearily O!

There the parent's smile yields to sadness,
There the youthful heart hath no gladness,
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily O ! wearily O ! &c.

3 Cheerily then awake the chorus,
Cheerily O ! cheerily O !
Abstinence will peace restore us,
Cheerily O ! cheerily O !
Now the parent's smile beams the clearest,
Now the parent's hopes are the dearest ;
Every joy is now before us,
Cheerily O ! cheerily O ! &c.

CXLVII.

Pilgrims and Wanderers.

1 Over the mountain wave,
See where they come :
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home ;
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There the song peals along,
Deep-toned and free.
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come ; —
Where the free dare to be, —
This is our home.

- 2 England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather hills,
Sweet their perfume ;
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray :
Native land — native land,
Home far away.
Pilgrims, &c.
- 3 Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod ;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God !
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song ;
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along.
Pilgrims, &c.
- 4 Not theirs the glory wreath,
Torn by the blast ;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they past ;
Green be their mossy graves !
Ours be their fame,
While their song, peals along
Ever the same.
Pilgrims, &c.

CXLVIII.

The Troubadour.

- 1 Brightly the morning sun
Shines from afar ;
Swiftly his course he'll run
By every star ;
Ages have seen his face,
Darkness may roam ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Come to my home.
- 2 Treasures of joy he brings
On every beam ;
Flowers paint their cheeks anew,
By every stream.
Birds chant their warbling lays,
On every bough ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Shine on us now.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis the shepherd's note,
Breathing his prayer ;
Lord, guide my wandering thoughts
Up to thee there.
Where angels robed in white,
Ne'er from thee roam ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Guide wanderers home.

CXLIX.

Maltese Boatman's Song.

1 Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,
Cheerily now our cause goes on.

Hark! how the temp'rance warning clear,
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then come let us fight, till the battle is
o'er,

And man shall yield to temptations no
more.

Our strife and warfare being done,

How sweet the conqueror's welcome
home.

Home, home, home, the conqueror's wel-
come home.

Sweet, O sweet the conqueror's welcome
home,

Welcome home, welcome home, welcome
home.

2 Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,
Warmed hopes on beauty's wing.

Come cheer us with your heavenly smiles;
Recompense for all our toils.

Then come let us fight, &c.

CL.

Ship ahoy!

1 When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
O, they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet,
Sparkling on deck is every eye,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! our joyful cry,
When answering back we faintly hear,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer! what
cheer!

Now sails aback, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home,
But soon, too soon, we part in pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again!
To sail o'er silent seas again!

2 When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,
With toil her destined port to gain,
Our gallant ship has neared the strand,
We claim our own, our native land,
We claim our own, our native land,
Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout;
"Land ahead! land ahead. look out!
look out!"

Around on deck we gayly fly;
"Land ahead! land ahead! with joy we
cry;"

Yon beacon's light directs our way,
While grateful vows to heaven we pay,
And soon our long lost joys renew,
And bid the boisterous main adieu !
And bid the boisterous main adieu !

CLI.

Canadian Boat Song.

- 1 Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
time ;
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
time ;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past.
- 2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow the stream runs fast, &c.

CLII.

Juniatta.

- 1 Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniatta ;
Swift as an Antelope
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks
In wavy tresses flowing.
- 2 Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata ;
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniatta.
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe,
Adown the rapid river
- 3 Bold is my warrior, good
The love of Alfarata ;
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniatta.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounding
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

4 So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata ;
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniatta.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on
The blue Juniatta.

CLIII.

Child's Return from the Woodlands.

- 1 Hast thou been in the woods with the honey
bee ?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures
free ?
With the hare through the copse and dingles wild ?
With the butterfly o'er the heath, fair child ?
Yes, the light fall of the bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy
seat :
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and
bells.
- 2 Thou knowest not the light wherewith fairy
lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daises o'er ;

Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
Like hidden gems, in the flower urns deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed
cell,

And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briers
shed,

And the beauty that bows the wood-hya-
cinth's head.

- 3 O, happy child, in thy fawnlike glee,
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of
spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colors fling ;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon,
What if to droop and to perish soon ;
Nature hath mines of such wealth, and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now.

CLIV.

Star of the East.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid —
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine ?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

CLV.

Hark! 'tis the Bells.

- 1 Hark ! 'tis the bells of a village church,
How pleasantly they strike on the ear,
And how merrily they ring,

Come, let us join and we'll imitate their
melody,

Let each take a part in the harmony and sing.

- 2 I love a merry peal of bells,
Of hope and joy, their music tells;
When trav'ling homewards, merrily,
They greet us ever cheerily,
Hark! 'tis the bells, &c.

CLVI.

The Mellow Horn.

- 1 At dawn Aurora gayly breaks,
In all her proud attire;
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes
Reflecting liquid fire.
All nature smiles to usher in,
The blushing tints of morn;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn,
The mellow horn, the mellow mellow horn,
The mellow horn, the mellow mellow horn;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn,
The mellow, mellow horn,
The mellow, mellow horn.

- 2 At eve when gloomy shades obscure
The tranquil shepherd's cot,
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil forgot ;
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
On zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float
Around the mellow horn.
The mellow horn, &c.
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note, &c.

CLVII.

The Farmer's Boy.

- 1 The sun had sunk behind the hill,
Across yon dreary moor,
When wet and cold there came a boy
Up to the farmer's door,
Can you tell me, said he, if any there be,
Who would like to give employ.
For to plough and to sow
To reap and to mow,
To be a farmer's boy,
For to be a farmer's boy.
- 2 My father's dead, my mother's left
With four poor children small,
And what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the eldest of them all ;

But though little, I will work as hard as I can,
If I can get employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

- 3 But if no boy you chance to want,
One favor I've to ask,
To shelter me till dawn of day,
From the cold and wintry blast,
And at break of day I will trudge away,
Else where to seek employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

- 4 The farmer's wife cries try the lad,
Let him no farther seek,
O do ! papa, the daughter cries,
While tears run down her cheek,
For those that will work, 'tis hard to want,
Or to wander for employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

- 5 The farmer's boy, he grew a man,
The good old farmer died ;
He left the lad with all he had,
And his daughter for his bride ;
The boy that was, now a farmer is,
And he thinks and smiles with joy,
On the break of day,
When he passed that way,
To be a farmer's boy,
For to be a farmer's boy.

CLVIII.

Cheer up my Schoolmates.

First voice.

- 1 O, what can make this glorious land,
The land of peace and beauty ?

Second voice.

'Tis freedom's children well attuned
To sing the song of liberty.

Then cheer up my schoolmates dear,
Put forth your utmost powers,
Then cheer up my schoolmates dear,
Fair freedom will be ours.

- 2 O, what can make New England's sons
The rightful heirs of freedom ?

'Tis science' altars, glowing ones,
Lit up by truth and purity.

Then cheer up, &c.

- 3 O, what can make our native state,
The state where virtue loves to dwell ?

'Tis freedom's children, taught to hate
The ways the wicked love so well.

Then cheer up, &c.

- 4 O, what can make our native town
Do honor to our sires ?

Those holy fires, which on them shone
Reflected, still be ours.

Then cheer up, &c.

5 O, what can make this treasured spot
The place where all the virtues dwell?
'Tis each with each to take our lot,
And practise all the virtues well.
Then cheer up, &c.

5 Then let us all in concert join,
To swell the song of liberty;
Yes, let us all the sound prolong,
And echo back its melody.
Then cheer up, &c.

CLIX.

The Hindoo Girl's Song.

This song relates to a well-known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a cocoa-nut shell, place a small lamp with flowers within this ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it floats out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous; if it sinks, the love which it questions is ill fated.

1 Float on, float on, my haunted bark,
Above the midnight tide;
Bear softly o'er the water dark
The hopes that with thee glide.

- 2 Float on, float on, thy freight is flowers,
And every flower reveals
The dreaming of my lonely hours,
The hope my spirit feels.
- 3 Float on, float on, thy shining lamp
The light of love is there ;
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.
- 4 Float on, beneath the moonlight float
The sacred billows o'er ;
Ah ! some kind spirit guides my boat,
For it hath gained the shore.

CLX.

Bonny Boat.

- 1 O swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore ;
And to the fisher's chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar :
These toils are borne with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed ;
That feeble age and helpmate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.
- 2 We cast our lines in Largo bay,
Our nets are floating wide ;
Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
Rocks lightly on the tide :

And happy prove our daily lot,
Upon the summer sea ;
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.

3 The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm ;
Nor water sprite, nor eldric thing,
The bonny boat can harm :
It safely bears its scaly store,
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

4 We cast our lines in Largo Bay, &c.

CLXI.

Hymn for an Exhibition.

1 Mark, O mark, sweet friends, the morning,
See how fair the sun now shines ;
How bright each thing, with its adorning,
Will seem until each ray declines.

2 Then, ah, then, the night advancing,
With its shades will darken all ;
No more will light for us be glancing,
Except from stars in night's dark pall.

3 Thus, O thus, the sun of learning
Will for us its beams display ;

And cheer our minds, our footsteps turning,
Into its steep but flowery way.

- 4 Still, O still, as time is flying,
Death, like night, will shade our eyes ;
But thoughts, like stars, when we are dying,
Shall cheer us as to heaven we rise.

CLXII.

The brave old Oak.

- 1 A song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong !
There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes
down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.
- 2 He saw the rare times, when the Christmas
chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,

And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage
small,

Were full of American cheer ;

And all the day, to the rebec gay,

They frolicked with lovesome swains :

They are gone, they are dead, in the church-
yard laid,

But the tree, he still remains.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, &c.

CLXIII.

The Spirits of Bliss.

1 How cheering the thought that the spirits
of bliss,

Will come to a world such as this,

Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions
above

To bring us some message of love.

2 They come on the wings of the morning,
they come,

To lead some poor wanderer home ;

Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy
abode,

Who will rest in the arms of his God.

CLXIV.

Maltese Boatman's Song.

1 See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Hark ! how the solemn vespers sound,
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
o'er,

And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
Our toil of labor being done,

How sweet the boatman's welcome home.

Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome
home.

Sweet, O, sweet the boatman's welcome
home.

Welcome home ! welcome home !

2 See, how the tints of daylight die,
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh ;
For when the toil of labor's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
o'er,

And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
For fame or gold howe'er we roam,

No sound so sweet as welcome home !

Home, home, home, &c.

CLXV.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Temperance River.

- 1 Roll on thou great and glorious river
We float with thee,
Our land we must and will deliver,
From Bacchus wash her free.
Cold water is our motto,
From purest fountains flow,
Distilled from out the deepest grotto,
And from the sparkling snow.
- 2 A small and noiseless, ceaseless streamlet,
Winds towards that shore ;
Where temperance, sparkling, swelling sea
yet,
Will a broad ocean roar.
Cold water is our motto, &c.
- 3 Come all ye charming, smiling beauties,
Matrons too appear ;
Come, now, with heart, perform your duties,
Come pledge to water clear.
Cold water is our motto, &c.
- 4 There's virtue in this golden goblet,
Young men drink you ;
Pure nectar sweetly now flows from it,
'Tis Hermon's spicy dew.
Cold water is our motto, &c.

CLXVI.

The Mountain Maid's Invitation.

1 Come! come! come!
O'er the hills, free from care,
In my home true pleasure share;
Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare,
Come where joys are found!
Here the sparkling dews of morn
Tree and shrub with gems adorn,
Jewels bright, gayly worn,
Beauty all around!
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Jewels bright, gayly worn,
Beauty all around!

2 Come! come! come!
Not a sigh, not a tear,
E'er is found in sadness here,
Music soft, breathing near,
Charms away each care!
Birds, in joyous hours, among
Hill and dell, with grateful song,
Dearest strains here prolong,
Vocal all the air!
Tra la la la, &c.

3 Come! come! come!
When the day's gently gone,
Evening shadows coming on,
Then, by love, kindly won,
Truest bliss be thine!
Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,
Never joys so long endure;
Who would not love secure?
Who would joys decline?
Tra la la la, &c.

CLXVII.

The May Queen.

- 1 You must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New year;
Of all the glad New year, mother, the mad-
dest merriest day:
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.
- 2 I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I
shall never awake,
If you do not call me loud when the day be-
gins to break:

But I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

3 Little Effie shall go with me mother, to-mor-
row to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me
made the Queen;
The shepherd lads on every side will come
from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

4 All the valley, mother, will be fresh and
and green and still
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
all the hill.
The rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

5 The night winds come and go, mother, upon
the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o'
the livelong day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

6 So you must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear,

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New year :

To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest,
merriest day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

LXVIII.

C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

Speak gently.

1 Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently, love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

3 Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild —
It may not long remain.

- 4 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run —
Let such in peace depart.
- 5 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
- 6 Speak gently to the erring — know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perhaps unkindness made them so,
O, win them back again.
- 7 Speak gently — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

CLXIX.

Be kind to thy Father.

- 1 Be kind to thy FATHER, for when thou wert
young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from
thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

- 2 Be kind to thy MOTHER, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her
now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
- 3 Be kind to thy BROTHER, — his heart will
have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth.
If the dew of affection be gone.
- 4 Be kind to thy SISTER, — not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
- 5 Be kind to thy TEACHER, — the burden she
bears,
Her spirits are wearing away ;
No price for her labor so precious appears,
As the kindness she meets day by day.
- 6 Be kind to thy SCHOOLMATES, — not long
canst thou be
With schoolmates to study or play ;
Thy kindness will make thee more happy
and free
When school pleasures vanish away.

CLXX.

Swear not.

- 1 When joy thy heart is swelling,
When thou art wild with glee,
When laughter shouts are telling
Of scholboys' revelry, —
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy WIT to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Canst thou profane it so?
- 2 When angry thoughts invade thee,
And prompt unkind desire, —
If petty wrongs have made thee
Speak out thy burning ire;
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy WRATH to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Canst thou profane it so?
- 3 When sportive tongues invite thee
To wordy contests vile,
Still striving to delight thee
By oaths and mingled smile, —
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy SKILL to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Do not profane it so!

CLXXI.

Haste thee, Schoolboy.

- 1 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay;
Many a time you've tardy been,
Many a lesson you've not seen;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.
- 2 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play;
Quickly speed your steps to school,
And there mind your teacher's rule;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play.
- 3 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well, to-day;
Love the truth, and shun the wrong,
Then no day will seem too long;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day.
- 4 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay;
Seek the place with knowledge blest,
Twill thee guide to endless rest;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay.

CLXXII.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

Our pleasant School.

1 Where do children love to go,
When the storms of winter blow?
What is it attracts them so?
'Tis our pleasant school.
Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?
In our pleasant school.

2 When the beauteous morning breaks,
And each eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes,
As our pleasant school?
Faithful may we keep the day!
Never waste the time in play!
Truthful all we do or say,
At our pleasant school.

CLXXIII.

The better Land.

1 I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
'Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

2 Is it where feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry
wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand,

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child !

4 “ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

CLXXIV.

My Native Land.

- 1 My native land, my native land,
O 'tis a lovely land to me ;
I bless my God that I was born,
Where man, where man, where man is *free*.
Our land, it is a glorious land,
And wide it spreads from sea to sea,
And sister states in union join,
And all, and all, and all are *free*.
- 2 And equal laws we all obey,
To kings we never bend the knee ;
Here we may own no Lord but God,
Where all, where all, where all are *free*.
We've lofty hills, and sunny vales,
And streams that roll to either sea ;
And through this large and varied land,
Alike, alike, alike we're *free*.
- 3 You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's
glee,
And every one in safety dwells,
And all, and all, and all are *free*.
We're brothers all from south to north,
One bond will draw us to agree ;
We love this country of our birth,
We love, we love, we love the *free*.

4 We love the name of Washington,
I lisped it on my father's knee,
And we shall ne'er forget the *name*,
While all, while all, while all are *free*.
My land, my own dear native land,
Thou art a lovely land to me ;
I bless my God that I was born
Where man, where man, where man is *free*.

CLXXV.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven ; Hallowed | be
thy | name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, On earth
as it | is in | heaven ;
Give us this day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
those who | trespass against | us ;
And lead us not into temptation, But de- |
liver us from | evil ;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power and
the glory, For | ever and | ever. | A- |
men, A- | men.

CLXXVI.

I will lift up mine Eyes.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From
whence | cometh .. my | help.

- 2 My help cometh from the Lord, Which made
| heaven.. and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; He
that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel, Shall not |
slumber .. nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper ; The Lord is thy
shade upon thy | right | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, Nor the
| *p* moon by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ;
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and
thy coming in, From this time forth and
for- | ever | more. | A- | men, A- | men.

CLXXVII.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not |
want ;
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pas-
tures ; He leadeth me beside the still |
wa- | ters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | name's
| sake.

- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they | p comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup
..runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord,
for- | ev— | er. | A- | men.

CLXXVIII.

Hear, ye Children.

- 1 Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father,
And attend to- | know under- | standing.
- 2 For I give you good doctrine, Forsake ye |
not my | law.
- 3 For I was my father's son, Tender and only
beloved in the | sight of my | mother.
- 4 He taught me also, and said unto me, Let
thine heart retain my words: Keep my
com- | mandments and | live.
- 5 Get wisdom, get understanding; for- | get
it | not.

6 Neither decline from the words of | my— |
mouth.

7 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve— |
thee ;

Love her, and she shall | keep— | thee.

8 Wisdom is the principal thing ; | therefore
get | Wisdom.

And with all thy getting, get under- | stand-
— | ing.

9 Exalt her, and she shall pro- | mote— |
thee ;

She shall bring thee to honor when thou
dost em- | brace— | her.

10 She shall give to thine head an | ornament
of | grace.

A crown of glory shall she | deliver to |
thee A- | men.

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**THE
LOG CABIN & HARD CIDER
MELODIES:**

**A COLLECTION OF POPULAR AND PATRIOTIC
SONGS.**



**“The Freeman’s glittering Sword be blest,
For ever blest the Freeman’s Lyre.”**

**BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES ADAMS,
No. 23 Tremont Row.**

1840.

THE
LOG CABIN & HARD CIDER
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A COLLECTION OF POPULAR AND PATRIOTIC
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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF
HARRISON AND TYLER.

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For ever blest the Freeman's Lyre."

BOSTON:
CHARLES ADAMS.
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1840.

P R E F A C E.

THE spontaneous burst of enthusiasm with which the nomination of HARRISON and TYLER has been received throughout the Union, with the unanimity and confidence with which it has been welcomed as the portent and sure precursor of a glorious and beneficent renovation in the Government of our country, is in itself akin to Poetry. The sublime spectacle of a great people awaking from a long and baleful lethargy, bursting the fetters of Misrule and Oppression; shaking off the grasp of the demagogues and parasites who had planted Corruption in the high places and Ruin in the vitals of the Republic, is one most cheering to every lover of Liberty, and calculated to inspire the most lively confidence in the native strength and restorative energies of our Free Institutions. There is a redeeming spirit inherent in the sons of fathers who battled for Freedom, and any transient manifestation of apathy or submission to the dominion of a galling tyranny is but the darkness which precedes the dawn.

It was the remark of an acute but not profound philosopher—"Let me make the Songs of a People, and I care not who shall make their Laws." His error lay in confounding an effect with its cause—in supposing that the Songs of a people may be *made*, whereas they flow spontaneously from its free, unshackled spirit—they are but the embodiment, not the source, of the feelings and thoughts of the many. Thus it is with the HARRISON and REFORM melodies which now resound from every social gathering and Log Cabin in the land. They are here brought together for the convenience of the millions who rejoice in the spirit they inculcate, and are respectfully recommended to their attention and favor.

TO THE

FRIENDS OF HARRISON AND TYLER,

THE ADVOCATES OF NATIONAL

REFORM;

OF A SOUND AND UNIFORM CURRENCY—OF ENTERPRISE,
PROSPERITY, AND WELL-REWARDED INDUSTRY;

TO THOSE

WHO REPEL WITH SCORN THE TORY SNEERS THAT AN ILLUSTRIOUS
AND GALLANT CITIZEN LIVES IN A LOG CABIN AND
DRINKS HARD CIDER—

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

MELODIES.

THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—" 'Tis my Delight."

THE Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
The Farmer of North Bend !

Let every Freeman peal his voice,
As if the skies to rend !

No lust of power, no love of gold,
No selfish, sordid end,

Could ever for a moment hold
The Farmer of North Bend.

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys !
The Farmer of North Bend !

Hark ! hark ! our mourning country cries
For National Reform !

The Patriot Farmer greets our eyes—
And every heart grows warm.

Quick as he hears the trusting call,
His helping hands extend ;

Then speed him ! hail him ! one and all—
The Farmer of North Bend—

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys !
The Farmer of North Bend !

Though Malice, impotent and blind,
His well earned fame assail,
His shameless slanderers shall find,
Their vilest efforts fail.

The people host of all the land,
 In thunders shall defend,
 The noble chief with whom they stand—
 The Farmer of North Bend!

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys!
 The Farmer of North Bend!

BIRTH DAY OF HARRISON.

ALTERED FROM G. D. PRENTICE.

TUNE—"Bonny Boat."

WHY swell all good whig hearts as one,
 With memories of the past?
 Why rings out yon deep thunder gun
 Upon the rushing blast?
 Why hold the beautiful—the brave,
 This jubilee of earth?
*It is the hallowed day that gave
 To Harrison his birth.*

We offer here a sacrifice
 Of hearts to him, who came
 To guard our western paradise
 With sword of living flame!
 To him who on war's whirlwind loud
 Rode like a guardian form,
 And flung his glory o'er the cloud,
 A halo round the storm.

Darkness and danger with their trains,
 His sword hath driven by;
 And now his fame-girt name remains
 Entwined with liberty.
 'Tis graven on the blood-stained Meigs,
 And murmured by the Thames,
 And charmed by the spirit-leagues
 Of thousand slaughtered names.

And when he dies—no marble tent
 Need shield the warrior's bier ;
 He'll have a nobler monument—
 A grateful nation's tear !
 Old Time, that bids the marble bow,
 Will guard the laurel leaf,
 That blooms upon the sainted brow
 Of our immortal chief !

His deeds are ours—but thro' the world
 That mighty chief will be,
 When glory's banner is unfurled,
 The watchword of the free !
 And as they bend their eagle eyes
 On Victory's burning sun,
 Their shouts will echo to the skies,
" Freedom and Harrison."

THE HERO OF THE THAMES.

AIR—" 'Tis my delight."

LET Loco focos rail and rant
 At Currency and Banks :
 We're sick of all their empty cant,
 We spurn them from our ranks,
 We do not mind their silly talk,
 Nor heed their idle claims ;
 We 'll make the whole banditti walk,
 With our Hero of the Thames.
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames !

When British foes assailed our land,
 And hovered on our coast,
 Pray where did little Matty stand ?
 Why snug behind—a post.
 A post and place were all his thought,
 (At the spoils alone he aims,)
 While Harrison our battles fought,
 And conquered on the Thames !
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames !

In vain the red coats sought to win
 A foothold on our soil;
 He met and drove them back again,
 And saved our homes from spoil.
 Their savage allies dared no more
 To light their midnight flames;
 Oh! they heard the deep mouthed cannon roar
 Upon the river Thames.

Upon the River Thames, my boys,
 Upon the River Thames!

Not there alone did Victory fling,
 Her standard to the sky!
 The Prophet's town, the bard may sing,
 Which saw the red coats fly,
 Though if Maumee her laurels shed,
 Fort Meigs her trophy claims,
 Where many a gallant soldier bled
 With the Hero of the Thames.

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

When Peace displayed her flag of white
 And hushed the bloody strife,
 Who then victorious from the fight,
 Withdrew to humble life,
 No lust of power, no love of gold,
 No selfish, sordid aims,
 Could ever for a moment hold
 The Hero of the Thames!

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

And there he stood behind his plough,
 And drove his "team afield,"
 Content with rural honors now,
 And what his farm might yield.
 The Buckeye falls beneath his hand,
 His skill the soil reclaims,
 He lives a tiller of the land,
 Though Hero of the Thames!

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

But hark ! our bleeding country cries
 For vengeance and reform ;
 The Patriot Farmer greets our eyes,
 And every heart grows warm ;
 Our candidate, he hears the call—
 “ I'm ready ! ” he exclaims.
 Then speed him ! hail him, one and all !
 The Hero of the Thames !
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames !

Then let us hang our banner out,
 And spread it to the breeze :
 The spoilers we will put to rout,
 And do it, too, with ease ;
 Then let us all like brothers be,
 And “ UNIONISTS ” our name !
 Huzza ! huzza ! for victory,
 With the Hero of the Thames !
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames !

OLD TIPPECANOE.

HURRAH for the father of all the green West,
 For the Buckeye who follows the plough,
 The foeman in terror his valor confess'd,
 And we'll honor the conqueror now.

His country assailed in the darkest of days,
 To her rescue impatient he flew ;
 The war-whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,
 But awakened Old Tippecanoe.

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayne,
 Green laurels he gleaned with his sword ;
 But when peace on the country came smiling again,
 His steel to the scabbard restored.

Yet wise in the council, as brave in the field,
 His country still asked for his aid ;
 And the birth of young Empires his wisdom revealed,
 The Sage and the Statesman displayed.

But the red torch of war, and the tomahawk's gleam,
 To the battle again called the true ;
 And there where the stars and the stripes brightly stream,
 Rushed the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Now hark ! from the far frozen wilds of the North,
 What battle shouts burthen the gale ?
 The hosts of old England ride gallantly forth,
 And the captive and conquered bewail.

His Country recalls the bolden chieftain she loves,
 The sword of " Old Tip " she reclaims :
 And Victory heralds wherever he moves,
 The path of the Hero of Thames.

Hurrah for the Hero of Tippecanoe—
 The Farmer who ploughs at North Bend ;
 A Soldier so brave and a Patriot so true,
 Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the Log-cabin Chief of our choice !
 For the Old Indian Fighter hurrah !
 Hurrah ! and from mountain and valley, the voice
 Of the people re-echoes—hurrah !

Then come to the ballot-box—boys, come along ;
 He never lost a battle for you ;
 Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,
 And up with Old Tippecanoe !

SONG FOR THE WORKING MEN.

TUNE—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

THAT Matty loves the Working man,
 No working man can doubt, sirs ;
 For well doth he pursue the plan
 That *turns* the workies *out*, sirs ;

He turns them out of *Whig* employ,
 He turns them out of bread, sirs,
 And *middle* men doth he annoy,
 By striking business dead, sirs.
 For Matty is a Democrat,
 Sing, Yankee Doodle dandy,
 With spoons of *gold*, and English coach,
 And servants always handy.

And doth he not his love display,
 While pressing *Labor* down, sirs,
 By showing, in his pleasant way,
 A shilling's worth a crown, sirs;
 For Matty is, &c.

Quoth he, a shilling soon will buy
 As much of bread and meat, sirs,
 As *two*—when wages were so high.
 If not—*you must not eat, sirs*;
 And then, for all the *little things*
 They are but "*luxuries*," sirs,
 And if, like riches, they take wings,
 Why eat—*more bread and cheese, sirs*.
 For Matty is, &c.

But time is short to tell of all
 The love of little Van, sirs,
 He is the friend—doubt not at all—
 Of every working man, sirs;
 And if he scrimps your daily food
 By docking down your pay, sirs;
 'Tis only for *his own* best good;
 Then what have you to say, sirs?
 For Matty is, &c.

Now if you do not like such love
 But vote for HARRISON, sirs,
 All I can say, is,—*Van must move*,
 For then his race is run, sirs.
 Still Matty is a Democrat
 By Yankee Doodle dandy;
 His *golden* spoons and English coach,
 And *serfs* are always handy.

THE HARRISON CAUSE.

TUNE—" *Bonnets o' blue.*"

HERE 's a health to him that is just,
 Here 's a health to him that is true,
 And who could not wish success to the man,
 Who conquered at Tippecanoe.
 It is good to be noble and firm,
 It is good to be honest and true,
 It is good to support our Harrison's cause,
 Who stuck to the "red, white and blue."
 Huzza for the brave and the true,
 Who battled at Tippecanoe,
 And the heroes whose names on the banks of the Thames,
 Were written in "red, white and blue."

Here's success to him that is firm,
 Here's success to him that is wise,
 And though aged and poor will give from his store,
 When misery ever applies.
 Here's a health to the sage of North Bend,
 Here's success to the man of the plough,
 Here's a health to the man who sticks to his friend,
 And lives by the sweat of his brow.
 Huzza for the just and the true,
 And the hero of Tippecanoe,
 It is good to support the Harrison cause ;
 And the star-spangled "red, white and blue."

OUR HERO FARMER.

TUNE—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

THE Hero Farmer is the man,
 The Buckeye boys delight in ;
 He 'll renovate our State affairs,
 And be the man for fighting.
 Hero Farmer, boys hurrah,
 Log cabins and hard cider ;
 We 'll sing and vote for Harrison,
 And make our circle wider.

Vans call him Granny Petticoats ;
 We do not care for this, sir ;
 He 'll r.d the nation of such rogues,
 A Granny then he is, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Let Matty come with all his host,
 And office holding crew, sir ;
 We 'll march up to the ballot-box,
 And show that we are true, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

We 'll wager now a cider cup,
 And bring it on the table :
 Since Yankee boys have started up,
 To beat them we are able.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Columbia's freedom is assailed ;
 The people still are brothers ;
 The Government has nearly failed
 It must be worked by others.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Let 's work and sing and vote like men,
 By industry we thrive, sir ;
 And thus the drones at Washington,
 We 'll scout quite from the hive, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Our independence twice achieved,
 We 'll hold it much more fast, sir ;
 We 'll keep it out of spoilsmen's hands,
 That it may ever last, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Our wives, our friends, our children all,
 Are patriots true and hearty,
 The patriot ladies then will share
 The joys of freemen's party.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

WE PLEDGE THEE.

ALL hail ! to the Whigs, who have nobly come forth,—
 Connecticut, honor to thee ;
 Thou hast shown to the world, that the men of the North
 Have will'd, and they dare to be free ?
 Rhode Island triumphant, has echoed thy voice,
 Every patriot Whig will combine,
 To accomplish a victory,—virtue o'er vice,—
 Decisive and glorious as thine.

Come Whigs, to the polls, let each name be enroll'd,
 Our weapon the popular will ;
 The foeman does battle with " Treasury Gold,"
 And vaunteth its potency still
 But arouse ye, who still boast of patriot blood,
 And would yet have your children be free,
 Stem the tide of corruption, whose poisonous flood
 Hath deluged our land like a sea.

Now up with your banner ! the battle's begun,
 And nerve every arm for the fight ;
 Our champion, our leader, the brave HARRISON !
 Our motto, our country, our right,
 Ye minions of power, your efforts are vain :
 Van Buren, thy cause is unjust ;
 Our country, we pledge thee again and again,
 Thy sons will prove true to their trust.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

TUNE—" *The Bonnets o' Blue.*"

A STORM hath swept over the land,
 And it threatens to sweep o'er the sea.
 But the hardy young *Fisherman* firmly will stand
 Tho' the " breakers are under his lee."
 He knows how to " *weather a gale,*"
 He knows how to " *haul, reef and steer ;*"
 He knows when to *spread* or to " *shorten his sail ;*
 But his heart is a stranger to fear.
 A storm, &c.

He knows how a foe should be met,
 He knows on a foe from a friend,
 And *Mitty Van Buren* his vote cannot get,
 He goes for the *Man of North Bend*,
 Here 's to *Benton*, the *Humbug*, our ban,
 We know him in the fisherman's foe;
 A fitting companion for little Dutch *Van*,
 May he soon to obscurity go,
 A storm, &c.

Here's success to the right good old cause,
 Of Liberty, justice and right!
 We pledge—to sustain it—our many "*huge paws*,"
 Ever ready for Freedom to fight.
 Here 's success to the good old man,
 Who adheres to the *good old law*,
 And says 'tis a *just* and a capital plan
 That we the old *Bounty* should draw,
 A storm, &c.

And now we 'll away to the sea,
 To try for another "*good haul*,"
 But our friends may depend on it we shall all be
 On hand, with our votes, in the fall,
 To support the old Hero of Thames,
 The chieftain of Tippecanoe,
 The man who will heed the brave Fisherman's claims,
 For his heart it is honest and true.
 A storm, &c.

THE FARMER PRESIDENT.

TUNE—' 'Tis my delight of a shiny night."
 Did ever you hear of the farmer
 That lives up in the West;
 Of all the men for President
 The wisest and the best?
 To put him in the Capitol,
 We 've found a capital way:
 Oh! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.

CHORUS—Oh! we 'll sing, &c.

Come, all of every station,
 The rich as well as poor ;
 For all the farmer had a place,
 Who ever sought his doer :
 He never shrunk before the rich,
 Nor turned the poor away :
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

Come, all the folks of every age,
 The old as well as young :
 There 's not in all Columbia
 A name more justly sung ;
 The bravest of the brave was he,
 When found in deadly fray :
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

When gathered into council,
 Among the wise and great,
 He never thought to serve himself,
 But wisely served the state ;
 A statesman he of vigor yet,
 Although his locks are gray :
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

There 's news about election
 Borne on in every gale,
 A shout from every place is heard ;
 About the plough and flail ;
 And freemen's voices gladly join
 To catch the sounds so gay :
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

Then raise the Harrison banner
 Upon the outward walls ;
 The word is rolling trumpet-tongued ;
THE HERO'S RIVAL FALLS ;

The cry of victory rends the air—
 It swells the joyous lay ;
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

OLD TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—" *Old Rosin the Bow.* "

A BUMPER around now, my hearties,
 I 'll sing you a song that is new ;
 I 'll please to the buttons, all parties,
 And sing of Old Tippecanoe.

When first near the Thames' gentle waters,
 My sword for my country I drew,
 I fought it for America's daughters,
 'Long-side of Old Tippecanoe.

Ere this too when danger assailed us,
 And Indians their dread missiles threw,
 His counsel and courage availed us ;
 We conquered at Tippecanoe.

And now that the good of the nation
 Requires that something we do,
 We 'll hurl little Van from his station,
 And elevate Tippecanoe.

Again and again fill your glasses,
 Bid Martin Van Buren adieu ;
 We 'll now please ourselves and the lasses,
 And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—" *Auld lang syne.* "

BY J. A. ANDREW.

CAN grateful freemen slight his claims,
 Who bravely did defend
 Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
 The Farmer of North Bend ?

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
 The Farmer of North Bend,
 We 'll give a right gude hearty vote
 To the Farmer of North Bend.

The trump of Fame in storied song
 The Patriot's deeds shall tell,
 And Freedom's voice the strain prolong,
 The gladsome chorus swell.

The gladsome chorus swell, my boys,
 The gladsome chorus swell,
 We 'll join to night in merry song,
 The gladsome chorus swell.

The Chieftain heard the stirring drum,
 And bent his soldier's bow,
 But victor soon—he hasted home,
 His farming fields to mow.

His farming fields to mow, my boys,
 His farming fields to mow.
 Exchanged the sabre for the scythe,
 His farming fields to mow.

Though youthful valor bravely won
 The laurel to his brow,
 Yet victory's own triumphant son
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough.

Now holds the Yeoman's plough, my boys
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough,
 And soon we 'll try his trusty hand
 To hold the Nation's plough.

Now hear the note, his country's call,
 From hill-tops and the shore,
 It comes from camp and cot and hall,
 And all the valleys o'er.

And all the valleys o'er, my boys,
 And all the valleys o'er,
 It calls him to the rescue, boys,
 From all the valleys o'er.

The Hero, who long years ago
 Once wore the warrior's mail,

Now comes to beat the Yeomen's foe,
A Farmer with his flail.

A Farmer with his flail, my boys,
A Farmer with his flail,
And they 'll get a right good threshing yet
From the Farmer with his flail.

Then cheer we up, my boys, to-night,
A helping hand we 'll lend,
And pledge the old Bay State, to-night,
To the Farmer of North Bend.

To the Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
To the Farmer of North Bend,
We 'll pledge the old Bay State, to-night,
To the Farmer of North Bend.

THE HARRISON SONG.

BY THOMAS POWER, ESQ.

TUNE—" *In the days when we went Gypsying.*"

(Set to music and Copyright secured by Parker & Ditson.)

In days of old, as we've been told,
Was one to valor dear,
Whose ploughshare was a falchion once,
His pruning-hook a spear;
When notes of war were heard no more,
He laid his falchion down,
And since, most worthily he bore
A verdant laurel crown.

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
And tell Columbia's foe
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago,—
Of the days, &c.

No hireling train, with galling chain,
Shall make us bend the knee,
For fearless bands, with daring hands,
Have struck for Liberty!

We've raised on high the rallying cry,
 'That tells a nation's fate ;
 The word is borne to distant skies—
 HIS NAME HAS SAVED THE STATE !

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe,
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

Then who but he, the true and free,
 'The Farmer of North Bend,
 Can deeply feel the nation's weal,
 Or be the people's friend ?
 Should baneful war approach our shore,
 His gallant sword again,
 Will strew with prostrate, fallen foes
 The deadly battle plain.

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

From stately hall and cabin wall
 Let pæans loud arise ;
 The people's choice is HARRISON,
 The dauntless and the wise.
 O'er every hill be echoed still
 The watchword of the brave,—
 A knell to every tyrant ear,—
 THE HERO COMES TO SAVE !

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANOE.

AIR—" *Some love to Roam.*"

THE stars are bright, and our steps are light
 As we sweep to our camping ground,
 And well we know, as we forward go,
 That the foe fills the greenwood round ;
 But we know no fear, though the foe be near,
 And we tramp the greenwood through,
 For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

CHORUS—For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

Now the deep green grass is our soft mattress
 Till the beating of reveille ;
 No light's in our camp but the fire-fly lamp,
 No roof but the greenwood tree.
 Brief slumber we snatch, till the morning watch ;
 But one eye no slumber knew !
 One mind was awake for his soldier's sake,
 'T was the soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

The faint dawn is breaking, our bugles are speaking,
 Quick rouses our lengthened line ;
 Sweet dreams are departing, the soldier is starting,
 And welcomes the morning shine.
 But hark ! 't is the drum ! the foe is come,
 Their yells ring the dark wood through :
 But see ! mounted, ready, brave, cautious and steady,
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

Now nigher and nigher tho' hot is their fire,
 And ceaseless the volleying sound,
 We press down the hollow and dauntlessly follow,
 Then tramp up the rising ground.

With death-stealing ardor we press them yet harder,
 And still as they come into view,
 "Now steady, boys. steady ; be quick and be ready !"
 Cries the Soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

Down, down drop the foe, and still on we go,
 And each thicket and dingle explore ;
 Loud our shrill bugles sing, till the wide wood ring,
 And their rifles are heard no more.
 Now weave the green crown of undying renown,
 For the Patriot and Hero's brow,
 And write his name with the halo of fame,
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe !

CHORUS—For oh ! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe ?

VAN AND THE FARMER.

TUNE—*The King and the Countryman.*

A FARMER there was, who lived at North Bend,
 Esteemed by his neighbors and many a friend ;
 And you'll see, on a time, if you follow my ditty,
 How he took a short walk up to Washington City.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
 Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri nu.

His tidy log cabin he left with regret,
 And he put up a sign that it would be to let ;
 But whatever rare sights the White House might display,
 He'd find none so strange as he'd seen in his day.

Ri tu, &c.

The farmer walked on, and arrived at the door,
 And he gave such a thump as was ne'er thumped before ;

Mister Van thought the rap was the sound of a flail,
 And his heart beat with fear, and he turned deadly pale.

Ri tu, &c.

“Run, John, and run Levi,—run Joel and Jim,”
Said Van, “but leave Amos, I cannot spare him;
There’s only one living dares make such ado;
That sturdy old fellow called Tippecanoe.”

Ri tu, &c.

They were all growing merry, and taking champaign,
And the farmer impatient rapped louder again;
To the door all the cabinet ministers run,
To demand who so boldly had spoiled all their fun.

Ri tu, &c.

Says Tip, “my fine fellows get out of my way,
I’ve routed whole armies like you in my day;
My mind is made up to walk into that chair,
Where Van takes his wine with a swaggering air.”

Ri tu, &c.

Then Amos, who listened, spoke up. “Mister Van,
I know how to tickle that old farmer man;
I’ll ask him politely to come up and dine,
And then we can muddle his wits with the wine.”

Ri tu, &c.

“Oh! pray, Mister farmer, just walk up this way,
We hardly expected to see you this day;
So many stout swiggers are here at this time,
There’s but one bottle left, but you’ll find it is prime.”

Ri tu, &c.

“I tell you what Amos, I see what you’re at,
I wont take a glass of champaign. and that’s flat;
But a mug of hard cider will answer my turn,
It’s getting in fashion up here, as I learn.”

Ri tu, &c.

Then Amos and Van searched the table all round,
Not a drop of hard cider was there to be found;
So the farmer advised them to lay in a store,
On the fourth of next March, if they should’nt before.

Ri tu, &c.

The farmer was off, but 't was easy to see
 'That his visit had sobered their cabinet glee;
 And Van said he knew how the matter would end;—
 He should have to clear out for the man of North
 Bend.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
 Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

THE HURRAH SONG.

OLD Tip's the boy to swing the flail,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 And make the locos all turn pale,
 Hurrah, hurrah; hurrah!
 He'll give them all a tarnal switching,
 When he begins to "Clare de Kitchen."
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Ploughboys though he leads in battle,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 He's a *team* in raising cattle,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 And though old Proctor at him kicked,
 He is the chap that ne'er was licked.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

His latchstring hangs outside the door,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 As it has always done before,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 We vowed by Whigs he should be sent
 To Washington as President.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

In all the States no door stands wider,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 To ask you in to drink hard cider,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 But any man that's "given to grabbin,"
 Can never enter his log cabin.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

For such as Swartwout, Price and Boyd,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

His honest soul will e'er avoid,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

And poverty he thinks no crime,

But welcomes it at dinner time.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

So here's three cheers for honest Tip,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

We've got the Locos on the hip,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

We'll row them all far up Salt River,

There let them stand to shake and shiver,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

SWARTWOUT'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *Oh no, we never mention her.*"

OH, no ! Oh never mention it,

I would it were forgot !

Not mine the fault, but fate decreed

To *Swartwout* was my lot.

From hall to hall they hurried me,

At *banks* and *whigs* to rail,

Yet now they have discarded me,

Because I gave "*leg* bail."

They told me that in foreign lands

Sub-treasuries there be,

And as *variety* I sought,

I took the *change* with me.

Dear Matty I behold no more—

The "*Party's*" loss, regret ;

I hear no more the Locos roar,

Yet how can I forget !

I sought, in turn, as others sought,

Reward for all my toils ;

King Andrew took the "*offices*,"

I merely took the "*spoils* ;"

"To victors" they should sure "*belong*"—

Our motto, wise and true—

And since I as "*Collector*" served,
I'd be *disburser* too.

The Whigs they say will triumph now,
The "dogs have had their day"—
They tell me Martin's reign is o'er—
I heed not what they say.
Perhaps, like me, he smuggled much,
Like all the Loco clan,
And when he goes to Kinderhook,
He'll *cabbage* all he can.

HAMPSHIRE HURRAH.

TUNE—"The Hurrah."

OLD Hampshire's sons! come one and all,
Hurrah for Harrison!
Come rich and poor! come great and small,
Hurrah for Harrison!
To Martin now we'll bid farewell,
And notes of freedom joyful swell,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for Harrison!

Rouse, freemen, rouse! your fetters break,
Hurrah for Harrison!
The tyrant's power and glory shake,
Hurrah for Harrison!
"The fine true-hearted gentleman,"
Shall take the place of *little Van*,
And make us free, and make us free,
Hurrah for Harrison!

Now joyful sing! now joyful sing!
The dirge of little Van—
And peals on peals our country'll ring,
Ruled by an honest man.
While scenes of sorrow, care and want,
Poor Martin's day dream long will haunt.
He's made *us* feel—we'll make *him* feel
Away with little Van!

Clap, clap your hands! swell high your notes,
 Hurrah for Harrison!
 And trip up Martin with your votes,
 Hurrah for Harrison!
 Proud Van shall fall to rise no more—
 The country shouts from shore to shore,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah for HARRISON!

THE SUB-TREASURY GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—" *The fine old English Gentleman.*"

I'LL sing you a bran new song,
 Which was made by a queer old pate,
 Of a Sub-treasury gentleman,
 Who controls the nation's fate;
 And who keeps up his old mansion,
 All at the people's cost,
 With pamper'd menials to receive
 The sycophantic host.
 Like a Sub-treasury gentleman,
 All of the modern time.

His splendid halls are hung about
 With richest tapestry,
 The mirrors bright and paintings rare,
 Are wonderful to see;
 And there his worship sits in state,
 And rumor's tongue doth say,
 He quaffs from golden cups, rich wine,
 To moisten his old clay.
 Like a Sub-treasury gentleman,
 All of the modern time.

His custom is when hard times come,
 And the distress'd repair
 To his old hall, to seek relief
 And claim protection there,

To say to them—"My policy
I cannot change a hair,
For your relief—the Government
Must of itself take care."

Like the Sub-treasury gentleman,
All of the modern time.

Yet all at length must bend to fate,
So like the ebbing tide,
Declining swiftly, at the last
This man must stand aside.
Then quickly will the poor man's tear
Be wiped away and dried,
And people shout both loud and long,
So much they scorn the pride
Of the Sub-treasury gentleman,
All of the modern time.

When times and rulers both are changed,
And rogues have passed away,
The people's hands and people's hearts
Will prove the people's sway.
The offices will then be fill'd
As they were wont of yore,
That is, by honest men and true,
With heart to help the poor.
Like the true-hearted gentleman,
The Farmer of North Bend.

THE HUGE PAW.

TUNE—"Law."

Come list to me a minute,
A song I'm going to sing it,
You'll find there's something in it,
Tis 'all about a PAW.
P, A, W, paw,
The *hugest* ever you saw,
If you've any commiseration
For the luckless situation
Of this bamboozled nation,
Hear the tale of this HUGE PAW.

The wheel was lustily spinning,
 The merchant merrily grinning,
 And cash the farmer was winning,
 As fast as he could claw.
 C, L, A, W, claw,
 Went each industrious paw,
 And all was jollification,
 'Till a meddling botheration,
 Confounded the circulation !
 Of the blood of this HUGE PAW.

For a quack came slily creeping,
 While Uncle Sam was a-sleeping,
 And, astride of his shoulders leaping,
 Like a hungry dog did gnaw,
 G, N, A, W, gnaw,
 All the flesh of his honest paw !
 And with mighty speechification,
 Made a blarneying protestation,
 How he'd "better his circulation,"
 By the wag of his impudent jaw !

But, Sirs, the quack was a Tory,
 And his wonderful "blaze of glory,"
 To make short work of the story,
 Was puff'd away in a flaw !
 F, L, A, W, flaw,
 Like snow in an April thaw !
 If you've any commiseration,
 Think of Uncle Sam's consternation,
 When he felt the sudden prostration
 Of the strength of his HUGE PAW.

But the rogues will soon be nabbin',
 If guessing I'm any dab in ;
 So—come out of that Log Cabin,
 Old soldier among the straw !
 S, T, R, A, W, straw,
 Shall tickle 'em all till they jaw.
 Then sound a loud acclamation,
 And hand him into his station,
 For he's the man for the nation,
 To wield of reform the HUGE PAW.

So, 'Tories, prepare to knock under,
 For he'll down upon you like thunder,
 And smite your whole squad asunder,
 With his HUGE and VETERAN PAW.
 P, A, W, paw,
 Will hit you over the raw!
 Then hurrah for the Whigs and the nation!
 And a shout of loud jubilation
 For the glorious restoration
 Of the HUGE and PATRIOT PAW!

THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

TUNE—" *There 's nae luck about the House.*"

SLY MATTY's face was overcast,
 His hopes began to lower,
 His kitchen cabinet he called
 Besides the lawful four:
 And bade them with a scolding tongue
 That each should truly say,
 If any chance remained for him
 On next election day.

Chorus.

For it 's Boyd and Harris, Linn and Price,
 And Swartwout they do say,
 Have toted off the Nation's cash
 As lawful Loco prey.

Then up steps Amos grim and thin,
 With sick and ghastly look;
 You never would have thought that he
 Was scullion and chief cook—
 "Now MATTY dear," says he, "I 'm sure
 The game is up with us;
 Those cursed Whigs will beat us now,
 They kick up such a fuss,

Chorus.

About the outside quires and cash
 You 'd think the nation 's broke,
 And Blair, and I and Calhoun think
 This time they do not joke."

Says BLAIR to MAT—" Good President
 I think it is unlucky,
 That I must streak it back again
 To teach school in Kentucky :
 But go I must, for I am sure,
 Our battles all are fought,
 And New York's favorite Son is beat
 By sober second thought.

Chorus.

Now Matty don't get sick, I'm sure
 We may as well clear out,
 And join that Locofoco Price,
 And honest Sam Swartwout."

And next says PAULDING, " I do wish
 To novels I had stuck,
 For writing them would ne'er have made
 Of me so lame a duck.
 Dear Matty we must soon go back
 To quiet Kinderhook,
 And in your garret I will write
 Another shilling book.

Chorus.

Oh dear ! the times are very hard
 Wheat's but fifty cents,
 But I'm the man that's rich enough
 If I collect my 'rents.' "

" Come Uncle LEVI, tell us now
 What think you of Whig votes ?"
 " Oh dear ! I fear they can't be bought
 With my Sub-treasury notes.
 I've figured out my long reports
 Arrayed in solid column,
 But where's your CASH ? the Whigs cry out,
 With faces long and solemn.

Chorus.

The cash has gone and credit too
 With our administration,
 And we have ruined every man
 Throughout the Yankee nation."

" Now POINSETT, you can cheer us up
 With glad and cheerful sounds ;"
 " Oh no ! I can't, those cursed Whigs
 Have treed me with bloodhounds ;
 We've got to quit the White House now,
 As fast as we can go,
 I'll take my hat, and make my bow,
 For I am D. I. O.

Chorus.

The spoils are gone—there's nothing left
 Of Paper, Blanks and Twine,
 And every man is fortunate
 Who knows where he can dine."

" Perdition catch you all," says MAT,
 " Come FORSYTH, you're true blue,
 And are so versed in politics,
 Can tell me what to do."
 " I wish I could, for I am sure
 You'd hear it very soon,
 But I will go and advise with
 My friend, John C. Calhoun.

Chorus.

For he's the man to jump Jim Crow,
 And prove that black is white,
 He will convince you it's noon day,
 When dark and pitchy night."

Now HENRY CLAY was passing by,
 And hearing such a roar,
 With hasty strides he mounted up
 And opened wide the door—
 " Hallo !" says he, " what means the noise
 Within this garrison ?
 You'd better all make tracks—here comes
 The Patriot HARRISON."

Chorus.

So off they ran with nimble legs,
 As fast as they could lean :
 And " Granny" he took up the broom
 And swept the White House clean.

THE LOCO'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *The good old days of Adam and of Eve.*"

TIMES aint now as they use to was been,
Folks don't do now as they used to did then,
In the good old days when Matty Van
Ruled over the land like a heartless man,
And his mighty rule no one denied,
Oh then was the time of the Loco's pride.

Oh dear, the Locos grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Things don't go now as they used to go then,
When the saucy Whigs were lying low then,
And when every state for General Jackson
Brought an army of voters into action;
Now they're leaving foxy Martin
And all for Harrison are starting.

Oh Martin mourns, and Martin grieves,
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Folks don't bet now as they used to bet then,
Folks don't brag now as they used to brag then,
When in every State it was clear and sartin,
That a large majority 'd go for Martin,
But now they think it is pretty plain
He'll hold Missouri, and may keep Maine.

Oh dear, the Locos grieve
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Rogues ain't now as they used to was then,
Demagogues change from what they have been,
They shake in their shoes when they hear the clatter,
Of Harrison's name, and cry "what's the matter?"
" 'Tis the creak of the rope the Whigs are tying
"To hang you all up, so, be done with your crying."

"And then you'll mourn and then you'll grieve,
"For the good old days of Adam and of Eve."

SPECIE LAW.

TUNE—"Law."

COME list to me for a minute,
 A song I'm going to begin it,
 There 's something serious in it,
 So pray your attention draw;
 'Tis all about the law,
 That made such a deuce of eclat.
 Experience we have bought it,
 And now to you have brought it,
 Will you or not be taught it,
 And sing the specie law,
 C, L, A, W, claw,
 Is the mainspring of that law.

CHORUS—If you're fond of pure vexation,
 And are willing to curse the nation
 You're just in a situation,
 To go for the specie law.

When the party had their beginning,
 They only thought of winning,
 Van Buren slyly grinning.
 The while our cash they draw,
 Credit goes on see-saw,
 The while our cash they draw,
 With writs and replications,
 Sheriffs and consultations.
 The people have botheration,
 Loco focos loudly jaw,
 J, A, W, jaw,
 Is the thing for the specie law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

Business snail-like creeping,
 It hinders us from sleeping,
 Leg treasurers only reaping,
 The while our cash they draw,
 Look out for the specie law,
 'T will like a blister draw,

Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Make up the hubble bubble,
 They give you nothing but stubble,
 And leave you a man of straw.
 S, T, R, A, W, straw,
 Is better than their law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

While loud for gold they 're crying,
 Our cash is only flying,
 And they 're sure to take to lying,
 If ever you find a flaw.
 And then like any jackdaw,
 They prate of their specie law.
 In a rotten stick their trust is,
 You'll find their bubble burst is,
 And if you don't get justice,
 You'll get enough of their law.
 C, L, A, W, claw,
 Is the object of their law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

If your life is all sugar and honey,
 And fortune is always sunny,
 And you want to get rid of your money,
 I advise you to go for the law,
 Like the ice in a rapid thaw,
 Your cash will melt awa'.
 We'll go for Harrison therefore,
 Without a why or wherefore,
 Reform we have a care for,
 And constitutional law,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
 For Harrison and law.

CHORUS—We'll go for Harrison therefore,
 Without a why or wherefore,
 And him we will hurrah for,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

THE WEIGHER'S TEAR.

AIR—“ *Upon the hill he turned.*”

Upon the steps he turned,
 And heaved a heart-felt sigh,
 For news from old Connecticut
 Swept like a whirlwind by.
 He thought upon his office fat,
 Two thousand full a year,
 And the Weigher leaned against the wall,
 And wiped away a tear.

Within the Custom House
 The locos stood in bands;
 The Extra Globe and Morning Post
 Were in their trembling hands.
 But as they read the oft told lies,
 The stronger grew their fear,
 And the Weigher groaned in sympathy,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,
 Oh do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the Weigher's heart,
 And brazen was his cheek;
 Yet both were blenched with fear—
 Both felt his tottering cause,
 And tried to drown the echo from
 The State of Old Blue Laws.

But ah! all will not do!
 Should Weathersfield he spoil,
 Of every onion that e'er grew
 Upon its good Whig soil,
 It would not cause the tears to flow
 All down the Weigher's cheek,
 One half so fast as they do now
 At this first Whig Day Break.

NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

BY WILLIAM HAYDEN, ESQ.

TUNE—"The fine old English Gentleman."

I'LL sing you a new Whig song, made to a good old
rhyme,
Of a fine, true-hearted gentleman, all of the olden time ;
By birth and blood, by kith and kin, a sound true Whig
was he,
For his father signed the charter that made our country
free.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

In youth, upon the tented field, his laurels he did gain ;
No Chief so many battles fought, that never fought in
vain ;

In peace the quiet Statesman he ; but when grim war
arose,
He buckled on his armor then, to meet his country's foes.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

And when he 'd served his country well, in senate and
in field,

The honors that awaited him most freely did he yield ;
He turned him to his home again, and sought a Farmer's
toils,

For though he'd filled the offices, he never took the spoils.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

And when the People in their might, have put their
solemn ban,

Upon the arch Magician, and on all his tory clan,
To manage well their state affairs, with one accord
they'll send

For another Cincinnatus—the Farmer of North Bend.

For he's a fine true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When in the youthful warrior's hand his country placed
 the sword,
 He conquered all her enemies that threatened from
 abroad ;
 And now, when with domestic foes her highest places
 teem,
 The land the gallant Soldier saved, the Statesman must
 redeem.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

Let every sound, true-hearted Whig now raise his voice
 on high,
 And for the triumph of the cause, join Freedom's loudest
 cry ;
 Come to the fight ; we'll win the field—away with doubts
 and fears ;
 The people's man is HARRISON ; let us give him three
 good cheers.

For he's a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS FIDDLERS.

TUNE—" *Old King Cole.*"

OLD Uncle Sam had a strange whim-wham,
 A silly whim-wham had he ;
 He called for his fiddlers, and danced in a jam,
 With the troop of Old Hickory.
 And every fiddler had Uncle Sam's fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he !
 Then " tweedle-deedle-dee " went the fiddlers,
 Tweedle-dee !
 Oh ! silly and rare they did comb down his hair,
 To the tune of " E-CON-O-MY ! "

Old Uncle Sam they sweetly did cram,
 How sweetly cramm'd was he !
 He gaped and grinn'd at each humbugging flam,
 Crying " This is the stuff for me ! "

And every piper he set up his pipe,
 Tickling Sam's catastrophe.
 Then "toodle-doodle-do" went the pipers;
 "Tweedle-deedle-dee" went the fiddlers;
 Tweedle-dee!

But oh! how Uncle Sam did stare,
 When each fiddler came for his *fee*!

Old Uncle Sam found it was all a sham,
 As saucy a sham as could be;
 And he cried, "You rogues! do you think you can gam-
 mon a sensible chap like me?"
 But each rogue—Oh law!—had a griping paw,
 And a pair of light heels as you'll see.
 Then "chink-chink-chink!" went the money-bags;
 "Toodle-doodle-doo" went the pipers;
 "Tweedle-deedle-dee" went the fiddlers;
 Tweedle-dee!

And each one with a dash made a snap at the cash,
 Was'nt that "pure democracy?"

Old Uncle Sam felt as flat as a clam,
 As flat as a clam-shell he;
 He scratched his head and did nothing but stam-
 mer and stare in his quandary.
 For these musical cits play'd the dogs with his wits,
 And the deuce with his currency.
 Then "flap, flap, flap!" went the money-bags;
 "Scatter, scatter, scatter!" said the pipers;
 "Here's leg-bail," said the fiddlers,
 And good bye to tweedle-dee,
 Tweedle-dee!

Oh! there's nought so rare but a rogue will dare
 With a snug SUB-TREASURY!

Now Old Uncle Sam has a new whim-wham,
 A better whim-wham has he;
 That each Tory sham shall speedily scam-
 per away to "retiracy,"
 Then every fiddler shall have a new fiddle,
 And a Whig fiddle it shall be,

So "tweedle-deedle-dee" merry fiddlers,
 A true Whig tweedle-dee ;
 Tweedle-dee !
 Then all start fair, and take good care
 Of the Nation's Liberty.

HARRISON.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

It rather seems that humbug schemes
 Can never more cajole us ;
 There's such a run for HARRISON,
 That nothing can control us.

The Western World the flag's unfurled,
 No faction can divide her ;
 And all the rest will sign THE TEST,
 "Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

When our frontiers were drench'd in tears,
 Their cabins sack'd and gory,
 He struck the blow, chastis'd the foe,
 Established peace with glory.

Then join the throng and swell the song,
 Extend the circle wider ;
 And let us *on* for HARRISON,
 "Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

When British bands and savage clans
 Unitedly assailed us,
 Our HARRISON was then the one
 Whose courage never failed us.

Through all the west he stood the test,
 And all his foes confounded,
 And held his posts against the hosts,
 By whom he was surrounded.

Though at the Thames some other names
 Come in to grace the story,

He laid the plan and led the van
To victory and glory.

Then crowd the throng and swell the song,
And spread his glory wider,
And join the run for "HARRISON,
Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

Let Grundy sneer and Benton jeer
The day of retribution,
We firmly trust 'twill be for us,
A day of RESTITUTION.

And let Calhoun change every moon,
And every such *backslider*,
We'll go as one, for "HARRISON,
Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

No *golden* schemes, or BENTON *dreams*,
No SWARTWOUTS to beguile us,
Nor any PRICE or other vice,
To purchase or defile us.

With HARRISON, our country's ONE,
No treachery can divide her,
The thing is done with "HARRISON,
LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER."

Come FARMERS all, attend the call,
'Tis working like a charmer,
Hitch on the team, and start for him,
For he's a *brother farmer*.

His Cabin's fit, and snug and neat,
And full and free his larder,
And though his cider may be hard,
The times are vastly harder.

With social joys—wives, girls and boys,
Our cabins and our cider,
We'll shout as one, for HARRISON,
And spread his glories wider.

The South and West will stand the test,
 In spite of every spoiler,
 And we'll engage to seal the pledge
 For HARRISON and TYLER.

THE LOUNGER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *Exile of Erin.*"

THERE stood by the Polls, a poor heart broken loungee,
 No hope fired his eye, for his bosom was chill,
 Bewailing the fate of his party in danger,
 He thought of the days when it stood on a *Hill*.
 His wild heaving breast, and his heart's sad emotion,
 Were all that the loungee had left for his portion
 Of glory and spoils, to repay his devotion,
 And a few Extra Globes, from his patron saint, BLAIR.

"Sad, sad is the day," cried the office-lorn loungee,
 "Oh, once to the custom house always I'd flee,
 And there seek a refuge, at *Bancroft's* own manger,
 For spouters and editors, hungry like me;—
 O, never again in the Treasury bowers,
 Long kept by the leaders, shall I loaf out the hours,
 For the Log-Cabin boys have robbed *Van* of his powers,
 And he heeds not to-day the poor loungee's lament.

Benton, my darling, though sad and forsaken,
 Dreaming of mint drops—I hear thy sweet roar;
 But alas, among hard-handed Whigs I awaken,
 And mourn for the Humbugs that cheat them no more.
 O, merciless fate, wilt thou never return me
 To my office of ease, where the feelings that burn me
 Would be lost, if the weighers that gathered to teach
 me,
 Should greet me again, as they greeted before.

Where's the Sub-Treasury, loved scheme of *Van Buren*,
 Woodbury and Polk—they weep for its fall;
 And where is Buchanan, the sweet and alluring
 Who went for hard money, hard prices and all,

Oh, Johnson forsaken, before the full measure
 Of wo had o'erflowed, in the cup of our pleasure
Once sparkling with spoils, the victor's own treasure,
 Kill Tecumseh again, and thy glory recall.

But oh, my old leaders, there's naught in suppressing
 The tears that my own sad memory drew,
 For the people they heed not your wiles and caressing.
 They've sworn their allegiance to another than you—
 They're sweeping along, like the waves of the ocean,
 And voice after voice, with a grateful emotion,
 Is joining the chorus of Freeman's devotion,
 And swelling the shout of "*Old Tippecanoe.*"

IRISH SONG ON GENERAL HARRISON.

AIR—" *Sprig of Shillala.*"

Success to the man at that place called North Bend ;
 Bad luck to the Spalpeens who will not defend
 The fame and the char-*ac*-ter
 Of Tappacanoe ;
 His heart for his country has ever beat true,
 Her interest and honor were ever in view,
 Whether fighting her battles, or guarding her pelf,
 Sure it 's little he cared *for his own darlin self*—
 For such is the man
 They call Tappacanoe !

Sure you 've heard of that beautiful pond called St. Clair
 And that nate little river that empties in there ;
 To the banks of that river
 Marched Tappacanoe !
 Och, there he saw Proctor with all his big troops,
 And bastes of wild Indians with scraiching and whoops,
 For the scalps of the boys they had sharpened their
 knives,
 In hopes to make widows of all their swate wives,
 And to take off the scalp
 Of ould Tappacanoe.

But ye should have been there at that nate little place,
 To have seen the red coats turn right about face,
 From the brave Yankee boys
 Under Tappacanoë.

For very soon after they came on the trail,
 The devil a bit could ye see but the tail,
 While those red looking blackguards without any clothes,
 Showed a clane set of heels—and ye well may suppose,
 They got mighty few scalps
 From brave Tappacanoë.

Long life to the hero, och sure won't we sing!
 Who trimmed the red coats of that foolish ould King,
 Who sent Proctor to fight
 That same Tappacanoë.

Success too to Johnson, who fought on that day,
 And killed that big savage they call Tecumsa—
 May each true hearted boy in this land of the free,
 Whether Yankee or Irish, just sing out with me,
 Huzza for the hero
 Of Tappacanoë.

TIPPECANOE—A SUCKER SONG.

TUNE—" *Bonnets o' Blue.*"

THE people are rising in might;
 They have taken the "second thought," too;
 Reform is their watch-word; their banners unfurled,
 And they point to old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe;
 Hurrah, for Old Tippecanoe,
 Hurrah for the man who is *honest*, tho' poor,
 And that is old Tippecanoe.

The "destructives" have taken alarm;
 And began the old story anew,
 Of "imbecile granny;" but all they can say,
 Can't injure Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe;
 Hurrah for the man who directs his own plough,
 And that is Old Tippecanoe.

They ask us who HARRISON is ;
 And what he has ever done, too ;—
 The Soldier, the Patriot, the Statesman, and Sage,
 Are united in Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 Let the shout, from the lakes, to the ocean be heard,
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He is great in the council and field ;
 He has shown himself honest and true,
 And nobly he's won the proud title he bears,—
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 The voice of the people has thundered their choice ;
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

The "Suckers" have opened their eyes :
 Van Buren no longer can go ;
 The way the "log-cabins," next fall, will shell out,
 Will be cheering to Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 Three cheers for the "*log cabin candidate*," then,
 For that is Old Tippecanoe.

We will stand by our country and laws ;
 We will show ourselves good men and true ;
 "Our country forever," our motto shall be,
 And we'll go for Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe,
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 We'll stand by the Hero, who periled his life,
 At the Battle of Tippecanoe.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO OLD TIP.

TUNE—" *The Bonnets of Blue.* "

HERE 's a health to Tippecanoe !

Here 's a shout for Tippecanoe !

And he that wont drink to the pride of North Bend,
 Is neither a wise one nor true.

It 's good for the People to rule ;
 It 's base to be led by the few ;
 It 's good to stand up for the popular choice ;
 Then shout for Old Tippecanoe !

Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !
 Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !
 It 's good to cheer him who has often cheer'd us ;
 Then shout for old Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a health to Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a shout for Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a health to the Chief who was never yet beat ;
 Three rounds for the honest and true !

Here 's luck to the hand that will toil !
 Here 's luck to the seed that is sown !
 Who 's a poor man himself is a friend of the Poor,
 And values their rights as his own.
 Then shout for old Tippecanoe !
 Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !
 It 's time to turn out all the profligate herd,
 And put in old Tippecanoe !

WAR SONG OF THE BLOOD HOUNDS.

TUNE—" *All the Blue Bonnets.*"

Bow ! wow ! Tray, Blanche, and Tallo-ho !
 Why, ye dogs, why do'nt ye forward in order ?
 Bow, wow ! Ring-tail and Tally-ho !
Four legs against *two* on the Florida Border. /
 Towser don't wag your tail, Cato is on the trail,
 Cæsar is howling his signal for battle ;
 Sport has his nose in trim, fleetness you know 's in Jim.
 Up with your tails, and make meat of the cattle.
 Chorus—Bow ! wow ! &c.

Bow ! wow ! be of good muscle, dogs !
 Are we not soldiers of uncle Sam's army ?
 Bow ! wow !—on to the tussle, dogs,
 Up with your noses—the scent is quite balmy.

Take care of rattle snakes—'t is hard to battle snakes—
 Legs, they have none, while we have got four on 'em.
 Prig up your noses, dogs—yell like old Moses, dogs,
 We 're cannon all over, and fit to make war on 'em.
 Chorus--Bow! wow! &c.

Bow! wow! Ponto, Quiz--all the dogs,
 Up the wrong tree you long have been barking,
 Bow! wow! whistle and call the dogs,
 Now is no time for lounging and larking.
 On to the Seminoles—a drama from Jemmy Knowles,
 Soon will immortalize all who die tragically;
 Bark out your war note, then—echo thro' swamp and
 glen,
 We 'll do the thing quickly, neatly, and magically.
 Chorus—Bow! wow! &c.

SONG OF THE OHIO BOYS.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

YE jolly young Whigs of Ohio,
 And all ye sick Vanocrats too,
 Come out from among the foul party,
 And vote for old Tippecanoe!
 And vote, &c.

The Yankees first came to Ohio
 On the seventh of April, you know,
 And they all to a man are determined
 To vote for Old Tippecanoe!
 To vote, &c.

I therefore will give you a warning,
 Not that any good it will do,
 For I 'm certain you all are a going
 To vote for old Tippecanoe!
 To vote, &c.

Then let us be up and a doing,
 And cling to our cause brave and true,

I 'll bet you a fortune we 'll beat them,
With the Hero of Tippecanoe !

With the Hero, &c.

Good men from the Vanjancks are flying,
Which makes what are left look askew,
For they all are joining the standard
With the Hero of Tippecanoe !

With the Hero, &c.

They say that he lives in a cabin,
And that he drinks hard cider, too,
Well, what if he did, I am certain,
He 's the Hero of Tippecanoe !

He 's the Hero, &c.

And we all are fully determined,
No matter for rain, hail or snow,
To do what we can in the battle,
For the Hero of Tippecanoe !

For the Hero, &c.

For fear that we should be thirsty,
I 'll tell you what we will do,
We 'll fill up the gourd with hard cider,
And drink to Old Tippecanoe !
And drink to Old Tippecanoe !

And drink, &c.

WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

WHEN this old hat was new, the people used to say
The best among the Democrats were HARRISON and CLAY ;
The Locos now assume that name—a title most untrue,
And most unlike their party name when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Van Buren* was a Fed,
An enemy to every man who labored for his bread ;
And if the people of New York have kept their records true,
He voted 'gainst the poor man's rights, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Buchanan* was the man
Best fitted in the Keystone State to lead the Federal clan—
He swore “if Democratic blood should make his veins look blue,
He’d cure them by phlebotomy,” when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, (’twas eighteen hundred seven,)
Charles Ingersoll did then declare, by all his hopes of heaven,
“Had he been able to reflect, he’d been a Tory true,
And ne’er have thought it a reproach,” when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, of *Richard Rush* ’twas said,
To figure well among the Feds, he wore a black cockade:
Deny this, Locos, if you please—for every word is true—
I knew full well old Dicky Rush, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, ’twas in the Granite State
That *Harry Hubbard* asked each town to send a delegate
To meet in council at the time when Federalism blue
Made Hartford look like indigo, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, Old Governor Provost
The States invaded, at the head of numerous British host;
Then mark, ye Locos, what then did *Martin Chittenden* do?
Forbid Green Mountain Boys to fight, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Woodbury* and *Van Ness*,
E. Allen Brown, and *Stephen Haight* were of the Federal mess;
A. H. Everett, *Martin Field*, and *Sam. C. Allen* too,
Now PATENT Democrats, were Feds, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, these worthies did oppose
The cause and friends of Liberty, and stood among their foes;
Not so with “Granny” Harrison, for at Tippecanoe
He bravely fought the savage foe, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, the friends of Liberty
Knew well the merits of Old Tip, while fighting at Maumee:
Come now, huzza for HARRISON, just as we used to do
When first we heard of Proctor’s fall, when this old hat was new.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

There ’s a queer little man,
And they call him Martin Van,
He was reckon’d quite a magical affair;

He was mounted on the back
 Of the sturdy Andy Jack,
 When he hopp'd into the Presidential chair,
 In his message every page
 He announced a golden age,
 With a currency to satisfy us all ;
 But when he came to try it,
 Yes, and none will e'er deny it,
 Why it proved to be no currency at all.

Now this queer little man
 Had a very queer plan.
 In devising how to keep his present shop ;
 'T was to sell the public land,
 And to take the cash in hand,
 With a full intent the *Cider Ball* to stop ;
 But what is vastly worse,
 He demands the sword and purse,
 With an army of two hundred thousand men ;
 Just to circulate his notes,
 And to catch as many votes
 As may give his drones their offices again.

Then a fancy he had caught
 Of a sober second thought,
 Which had started all the stultuses awake ;
 But this race of thinking men,
 When they came to think again,
 Felt convinc'd they 'd surely made a great mistake
 For in lieu of silver bags,
 They had spurious filthy rags,
 With wages low and scarcely aught to do ;
 And so at this little man,
 Loud to rail they all began,
 For his magic it had fairly tumbled through.

After this he had a dream,
 Of a very famous scheme,
 Which would safely keep the dollars himself ;
 But his gold and silver kegs,
 Why they got amongst the *Legs*,
 And the rascals off they scamper'd with the pelf.

And sorely we were curst,
 For the golden bubble burst,
 And the Treasury was emptied at a pull ;
 So he called upon the goats
 For a roll of paper notes,
 While the Rhino was all *shipp'd to Johnny Bull !*

Now this queer little man
 He is not a *second Dan*.
 For e'en Paddy has an eye upon his tricks ;
 With his loco foco crutch
 He may hobble round the Dutch,
 But there he 'll find himself amongst the *Nix* ;
 For this miserable pay
 Of eleven pence per day,
 With other blessings equally divine ;
 He may balance up his book,
 And return to Kinderhook,
 For the Ballot Box will tell him to resign !!

WASHINGTON MEETING, KY.

MASON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

AIR—" *Rosin the Bow.*"

I 'll tell you about a big meeting
 That has made the Vanjancks all look blue,
 It has lately been held in Kentucky,
 To the honor of Old Tippecanoe.

From the East and the West came in thousands,
 And the North and the South pour'd in too,
 As if heaven and earth were all moving
 In honor of Old Tippecanoe.

There were skiffs, forts, yawls and Log Cabins,
 And a beautiful Maysville brig too,
 All drawn upon wheels by fine horses—
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe.

Farm wagons, canoes and stage coaches,
 And carriages also a few,

Come up there all fill'd to overflowing
With the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

The air was all filled with bright banners,
Red, white, purple, green and true blue,
With inscriptions and mottoes upon them,
All about our Old Tippecanoe.

There was also a table spread over
With plenty of buckeye trays too,
All filled with roast beef and good bacon,
For the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

There was bread of all sorts in abundance,
And barrels of good pickles a few,
Prepared for the sons of Ohio,
By the friends of Old Tippecanoe.

On Monday the sun shone with splendor
Though on Sunday rains fell and winds blew,
But none of us cared for the weather—
True soldiers of Tippecanoe.

We march'd through the streets of old Washington,
And bravely drank hard cider too,
To show to the silk stocking gentry
How we 'd stick to old Tippecanoe.

The ladies they flock'd to their windows,
In numbers, I say not a few,
And held out their star-spangled banners
All to the honor of Tippecanoe.

The Vans call us rag barons and dandies,
And only a ruffle shirt crew,
But they see now the bone and the sinew
All go for Old Tippecanoe.

Here 's a long life to the men of Kentucky,
For to them there is honor due,
For their manly and good preparations
For the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

THE VAN BUREN CONVENTION.

AIR—“ *Pretty Betty Martin, tip-toe fine,
Could n't get a sweetheart to please her mind.*”

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe fine,
Could n't get a candidate for Vice President,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.
Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer,
He was too rough for a President so fine ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't make the locofocos toe the line ;
Some were for Polk and some for Johnson,
But no one but Polk could please his mind.
The Tennessee locofocos they wanted Polk in,
To poke him in for President next in the line ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
He could n't coax Old Tecumseh to decline ;
Old Tecumseh's friends would not leave him ;
'To go for Mister Polk did not please their minds.
Polkites and Johnsonites would n't pull together,
The split was too wide, and they could n't make it join ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
The jig is up with him as he will find ;
His legs are not long enough to follow in the footsteps ;
He can't make the party all go the whole swine.
Now every locofoco has to pick a candidate,
And run him for himself on his own hook and line,
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

THE FARMER OF TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

AWAY in the West, the fair river beside,
 That waters North Bend in its beauty and pride,
 And shows in its mirror the summer sky's blue,
 Oh ! there dwells the farmer of Tippecanoe.
 When the clear eastern sky in the morning's light gleams
 And the hills of Ohio grow warm in its beams,
 When the fresh springing grass is bent down by the dew
 With his plough in the furrow stands Tippecanoe.

Hurrah ! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The man of the People is Tippecanoe.

And when far in the west the warm sunlight goes down,
 And the woods of Ohio look dusky and brown,
 In his own quiet home, he the past will review,
 And think of his comrades at Tippecanoe.
 For warm as his feelings, as strong is his mind,
 To the suffering poor man he ever is kind,
 With a hand that is open, a heart that is true,
 The poor find a friend in Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah ! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The choice of the People is Tippecanoe.

The People are rising throughout the broad West,
 At the name of the man who has served them the best,
 In battle, in council, and everywhere, true
 As the steel of his good sword is Tippecanoe.
 Ye farmers, arouse ! put your hands to the plough,
 Your country is calling, and will ye fail now,
 With one at the head who defeat never knew ?
 Come, join the brave army of Tippecanoe.

Hurrah ! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The People will conquer with Tippecanoe.

Come, all who are honest, and wish to be free,
 From the bank of the river, the shore of the sea,
 As the leaves on the trees are his followers true,
 And who would not follow old Tippecanoe?
 Come up, with the Buckeye, the pride of the West,
 Come up, with brave Harry of leaders the best,
 With Tyler, the statesman who's honest and true,
 And the battle is won by old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The fearless old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 Van Buren's successor is *Tippecanoe*.

TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Allan-a-Dale."

TIPPECANOE has no chariot to ride in,
 No palace of marble has he to reside in,
 No bags of gold eagles, no lots of fine clothes—
 But he has a wealth far better than those;
 The love of a nation, free, happy and true,
 Are the riches and portion of Tippecanoe.

Proud Martin rides forth in his splendor and pride,
 And broad are his lands upon Kinderhook side,
 The roof of a palace is over his head,
 And his table with plate and with dainties is spread;
 But a log cabin shelters a patriot true—
 'T is the home of our hero, bold Tippecanoe!

The demons of war shouted long on the gale,
 The heartless Van Buren grew frightened and pale,
 He aided the foe with his pen and his voice—
 But our hero made freedom and danger his choice;
 Through the wilds of Miami, like lightning he flew,
 And conquered the savage of Tippecanoe.

Our hero has never grown rich on the State;
 No sneaking Sub-Treasurers bow at his gate;

No fat office-holders he keeps in his thrall ;
 But millions of freemen will rise at his call—
 Then shout every lover of liberty true :
 Huzza for the Hero of Tippecanoe.

BALTIMORE HYMN.

TUNE—" *Marseilles Hymn.*"

FRIENDS of Reform, arise in power,
 Hurl ! hurl ! to earth fair freedom's foes ;
 A voice from seventy-six, this hour,
 Still warns you of impending woes :
 Can freemen silently, in wonder,
 Behold a mercenary band,
 Give freedom's high and holy land,
 To speculation and to plunder !

Arise ! arise ! ye wise !
 To make your country blest :
 Be firm, be firm, the watchword still,
 The Hero of the West.

See, see, how tyrants triumph o'er us,
 In all the pomp of England's pride ;
 A ruin'd land is now before us,
 And threat'ning war on every side ;
 And shall we tamely hear the story
 Of wrongs and wretchedness, in store
 For millions on Columbia's shore,
 And of Columbia's fallen glory ?

Arise ! arise ! ye wise ! &c.

With promises of golden treasures,
 Still, still, they seek to win the free ;
 Believe not in their heartless measures,
 But strike alone for liberty :
 Will you become the tools of tyrants,
 Who seek to sink the laborer low,
 And blast him with a single blow,
 While they remain the proud aspirants ?

Arise ! arise ! ye wise ! &c.

Ye sons of freedom, Oh ! awaken,
 Nor longer be a slave to those,
 Who have your country's cause forsaken,
 And ever have been freedom's foes :
 Will ye behold a sinking nation,
 Her commerce crush'd, her credit gone,
 Her manufacturers undone,
 And pamper tyrants in their station ?
 Arise ! arise ! ye wise ! &c.

WHIG RALLYING SONG.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

COME up to the polls ! there is work to be done ;
 Come up in your strength, and the battle is won.
 With Old Tip for a leader, then enter the fight ;
 The people are rising, resistless in might ;
 Then hurrah, boys ! hurrah, boys ! the truth will prevail ;
 The Custom House slaves are beginning to quail ;
 The elections have told them their race is near run :
 Hurrah, boys ! hurrah, boys ! the battle is won !

Come up to the polls, &c.

Down, down with the rulers who've ruined the land,
 Who have crushed all our hopes with a merciless hand ;
 The men who would make our loved country the same
 As serf-peopled Russia, or tyrannized Spain,
 Who would rule our loved land with imperial sway,
 And give for our labor but *sixpence per day*,—
 VAN BUREN, BUCHANAN, and Benton, the knaves—
 Such are but fit to be rulers of slaves.

Come up to the polls, &c.

Arouse, then, ye freemen, at Liberty's call !
 Arouse, in your glory, and out with them all :
 Already they falter—already they reel,
 The signs of defeat they 're beginning to feel ;
 One blow from your hands lays them low in the dust,
 Arise in your ardor, and conquer you must ;

Then be true to your country, to principle true,
And the victory 's won with Old Tippecanoe!

Come up to the polls, &c.

Composed and Sung by a Mechanic of Barks Co., Pa., at Baltimore.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

THE Whigs at the coming election,
Will carry their Candidates through,
They've made the judicious selection
Of Tyler and Tippecanoe.

The Empire State will most surely
Their suffrage give for these two,
For services rendered so purely
By Tyler and Tippecanoe.

The Key-Stone will always remember
The praise that is Harrison's due,
And will in next coming November,
Do honor to Tippecanoe.

Virginia will keep her ball rolling,
Tom Benton's humbugs to subdue;
And while its death bell is tolling
We'll vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Ohio, the home of our farmer,
Adopted by choice it is true,
With glory will gird on her armor,
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Indiana will raise her defender
To honor and dignity too,
For service he did to them render,
At the Battle of Tippecanoe.

Kentucky will route all the spoilers,
With all the Swartwouting crew,
And burst all the Vanocrats boilers,
With Tyler and Tippecanoe.

New Jersey will do her own voting,
 And sign her certificate too ;
 And while her broad banner's a floating,
 They'll vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Old Maryland has roused from her slumber,
 And making a desp'rate ado,
 At Baltimore met a great number,
 All friends of Old Tippecanoe.

Massachusetts will join with her sisters,
 Those Vanocrats' power to subdue,
 And rout these able resisters,
 With the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Alabama, Vermont and New Hampshire,
 All Whigs of the Harrison crew,
 United in heart and desire
 Will vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Illinois and the State of Missouri,
 Make fourteen, not counting the new,
 Which, forming a National jury,
 Will vote for Old Tippecanoe.

The spoilsmen are leaving their party,
 Where prospect for office is blue,
 Not wishing to stick by poor Matty
 They change for Old Tippecanoe.

The famous well finished off building,
 Repaired and all fixed off anew,
 With all the grand painting and gilding,
 Will serve for Old Tippecanoe.

SONG OF THE JACKSON MEN.

AIR—" *Rosin the Bow.*"

COME listen my trusty old cronies
 I'll sing you a short verse or two,
 And I know you will not be offended,
 Should I sing of Old Tippecanoe.

His enemies call him a coward,
And sneer at his poverty too,
But a true hearted Jackson-man never,
Will slander the brave and the true.

But a true hearted democrat ever,
Will honor the brave and the true,
And leave it to British and tories,
To slander Old Tippecanoe.

And who pray is Martin Van Buren,
What wonders did he ever do?
Was he in the battle of Orleans,
Meigs, Thames or Old Tippecanoe?

O! no, he had no taste for fighting,
Such rough work he never could do,
He skirled it off on to brave Jackson,
And the Hero of Tippecanoe.

This larkey we once have elected,
Not that any good he would do,
But because he had been recommended
By Jackson the brave and the true.

And since for one term we're in favour,
We think that this honor should do,
So, good bye to you, Mr. Van Buren,—
Here goes for Old Tippecanoe.

THE AMERICAN FLAG AND HARRISON.

TUNE—" *Sparkling and Bright.*"

SEE in the light of glory bright,
Each star and stripe proudly beaming,
Our flag once more unfurled to the war,
To the breeze of Reform now streaming.

CHORUS.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,
To the Chief renowned in story,
Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,
To speed him onward to glory.

Oh ! that he might arrest the blight
 Destroying our dominions,
 Yet first awhile he must beguile
 The spoiler of his minions.

Your goblets fill, &c.

Our Hero bright will stop the wight,
 And all his friends shall leave him,
 And every one for our HARRISON,
 With loud huzza's shall grieve him.

Your goblets fill, &c.

When high in state we 'll place elate,
 By his side our flag unwaved,
 Loud be our cheers, when the hero for years,
 Plants that flag o'er a union saved.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,
 To the Chief renowned in story,
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,
 To speed him onward to glory.

HARRISON AND LIBERTY.

TUNE—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

FOR HARRISON and Liberty
 Let every Freeman shout, sirs ;
 Let 's meet Van Buren at the polls,
 And turn the Despot out, sirs !

CHORUS.

For HARRISON then keep it up,
 For HARRISON and Law, sirs ;
 Too long we have to despots bowed,
 Now Freedom's sword we draw, sirs.

When war's destructive blast came on,
 Oh, where was HARRISON, sirs ?
 His country's annals well can show
 How he the battles won, sirs.

For HARRISON, &c.

No more we 'll trust to cabbage-heads,
 Or Kinderhook Physicians ;
 No more we 'll bow to Cabinets
 Of Fox-like sly Magicians.

For HARRISON, &c.

We call the Hero from the plough,
 In Freedom's cause to cheer us ;
 The Kitchen Cabinet must go,
 And Van himself must fear us.

For HARRISON, &c.

We strike in Freedom's holy cause,
 'Gainst those who would enslave us ;
 And lo ! our Cincinnatus comes,
 From Goth and Van to save us.

For HARRISON, &c.

THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

TUNE—*Malbrouk.*

THE times are bad and want curing,
 They are getting past all enduring ;
 Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
 And put in old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;
 It 's a business we all can take part in,
 So let us give notice to Martin,
 That he must get ready for starting,
 For we 'll put in old Tippecanoe.

A change of the Administration
 Will be for the good of the nation ;
 For it is now in a bad situation,
 So we 'll put in Old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe,

And send the whole posse a packing,
 Van Buren and all of his backing ;
 For we 've tried them and found them all lacking,
 And we'll put in old Tippecanoe.

We 've had of their humbugs a plenty,
 For now all our pockets are empty ;
 We 've a dollar now where we had twenty,
 So we 'll put in Old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;
 For their roguery can't be defended,
 And its time that their reign should be ended,
 We shall never see the times mended,
 Till we put in Old Tippecanoe.

Uncle Sam haint a cent in his purse now,
 And matters are still growing worse now ;
 There 's only one thing left for us now.
 It 's to put in Old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;
 For we are all of us going to ruin,
 As long as we keep such a crew in,
 So let us be up and a-doing,
 And put in Old Tippecanoe ;

HARK TO THE WARNING.

TUNE—*Huntsman's Chorus.*

ALL praise to the hero, the statesman, the farmer,
 As threefold his title, be threefold his fame ;
 The strong arm is stronger, the warm heart is warmer,
 When touched by the magic of *Harrison's* name—

Chorus—Hark ! to the warning, a nation has spoken,
 It rolls from the mountain, it springs from the plain.
 Down with the spoilers, their trust who have broken
 And up with the standard of freedom again !

He calls on the wealthy, whose stores he protected,
 The poor man, whose pittance he labor'd to save ;
 The patriot, who frowns not on merit neglected,
 The soldier, who honors the noble and brave.

By the toils and the dangers that sadden his story,
 By the blood that he poured with the blood of the foe ;
 By the homes that he fought for, his triumphs, his glory,
 He calls us to aid him to strike the last blow—

Then up at his call—speed the plough, my good neighbors,

To the fields so long barren, all eagerly come ;
 Soon autumn shall yield the reward of our labors,
 And the land shall be glad with its new harvest home.

Then shout to the hero, and forth swell the chorus,
 More loud than the war whoop that died at his voice ;
 Till the agents of ruin fly trembling before us,
 And the country redeemed at their downfall rejoice.

“HARD CIDER” AND “LOG CABIN.”

Hard Cider 's the cry, we freemen raise high,
 A spell 's in the sound we contend ;
 Raise aloud then your voice, let the nation rejoice—
 Depend on “ Old Tip of North Bend.”
 Come let us unite, and the nation set right
 In spite of the “ Little Magician,”
 Discharg'd from his trust, poor Martin he must,
 E'en go back to his former condition.
 Remember, remember, the ninth of November,
 A nation will echo your voice,
 Neither spoons of bright gold, nor silk stockings I 'm told,
 Distinguish the man of our choice.
 Like the ploughman of old, our HARRISON bold,
 On his countrymen sounding the tocsin,
 Gives up to their tears, persuasion and prayers,
Cider, log-cabin, and coon-skin.
 Arouse then, arouse then, all honest and true men,
 Base sycophants tremble your voices to hear,
 In your votes lies the spell—the “ Magician” knows well,
 No more will award him the President's chair.

UP SALT RIVER.

A New Whig Song, written by G. B. W., of Toledo, Ohio, and respectfully dedicated to the Toledo Tippecanoe Club.

AIR—" *All on Hobbies.*"

Come, Locos and Vans, and Leg-Treasurers too,
Fanny-Wright men and all, we are waiting on you,
Our vessel is ready, we cannot delay,
For Harrison 's coming, and we must away—

Chorus.

Up salt river ! Up salt river ! Up salt river ! O heigh O !
Up salt river ! Up salt river ! Up salt river ! O heigh O !

The journey is rough—but never mind that—
An experienced steersman is politic Mat,
Full many a dark passage he's threaded before,
And will land us all safe on that wide-spreading shore,
Away up salt river, &c.

The first one that sailed was the EMPIRE Ship,
Her rigging she mann'd, and her cables let slip,
Cambreleg was there, with a thousand or so,
Who will eat "small potatoes" with Marcy & Co.
Up salt river &c.

The Ship MICHIGAN is also ahead,
She took the same track where the Empire led ;
She too has her cargo, full many a score,
Of *wild-catting bankers*, to land on the shore,
Up salt river, &c.

The good ship CONNECTICUT, steady and true,
As if wing'd like a bird o'er the wild waters flew,
Well loaded with Vans who had laid in a store,
Of large Wethersfield Onions, to plant on that shore.
Away up salt river, &c.

Next the old MASSACHUSETTS, her crew far from raw,
No longer made drunk by her *Fifteen-Gallon Law*,
Now sober'd and steady, will start to explore,
With her cargo of Vans, that late colonized shore,
Up salt river, &c.

Then old PENNSYLVANIA, provision'd and mann'd,
 Quite ready for sailing, will soon leave the land,
 Of change and experiments now very sick,
 She will carry the Vans, where they tried to row *Nick*.
 Up salt river, &c.

The noble OHIO is ready likewise,
 The pride and the glory of all the Buckeyes ;
 She's freighted with Locos, the *Shannons* and more,
 And *casse* Medary to land on the shore.
 Away up salt river, &c.

The NEW-JERSEY next will be loudly cheer'd on,
 By Maxwell, Aycrigg, Halsted, York and Stratton,
 Whilst Dickerson, Cooper, Ryall and two more,
 Will take *without contest*, their seats on that shore.
 Away up salt river, &c.

MISSOURI, new rigg'd, will next hoist her sail,
 Harrisonians will give her a glorious gale ;
 At the port she starts for she proudly will call,
 Leaving *Tumble-Bug Benton* a rolling his ball.
 On the shore of salt river, &c.

And as we sail on, we'll be still looking back,
 For the Ships we expect on the very same track ;
 For VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY, and some half dozen more,
 Are bound for the port, on that fast-filling shore.
 Away up salt river, &c.

When they're all under way, we will knock off a toast,
 To OLD TIPPECANOE, our pride and our boast ;
 He'll be President next ; for changes then look,
 As Sour Crout is transported to old Kinderhook.
 Up salt river, &c.

STRAIGHT OUT.

Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people come,
 Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people come,
 We come to tell the spoilsmen that they had better run,
 For the Log Cabin boys all go for Harrison.

Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people grieve,
Oh why, &c.

We grieve to think that promises were made but to deceive
And we call on Gen'l. Harrison our troubles to relieve.

Oh what, tell me what, will your Buckeye people do,
Oh what, &c.

We'll first elect Tom Corwin and when that work is thro'
We'll fix every thing "straight out" for Tippecanoe.

Oh what, tell me what, will you with Martin do,
Oh what, &c.

We'll put him up in lavender and keep him for a show
As an animal called the "Locofoco" long time ago.

GATHERING SONG.

TUNE—"Come, haste to the wedding."

THE contest approaches—for Liberty muster,
Your Country demands it, and you will respond;
The hopes of our nation 'round HARRISON cluster:

He saves or we sink in the Slough of Despond.

Let the North meet the South, and the East meet the West,
And in union combine Freedom's flag to unfurl;

We have entered the lists, and we never will rest

Until *Benton* and *Van* from the White House we hurl.

When Tyrants were proud and when Freedom did tremble,
Van Buren was seeking for office and gain;

But where Freemen in battle array did assemble,

Brave HARRISON fought. Freedom's cause to sustain:—

FORT MEIGS and the THAMES were the scenes of his glory,

And TIPPECANOE did his praises proclaim:

We honor the man who, in fields red and gory,

Stood forth to establish COLUMBIA's fame.

The Locos combine with their *friends*, British Tories,

To tarnish the fame of Virginia's son:

They slander the name of our Hero victorious,

And carp at the glory which HARRISON won.

Let them bite at the file—let them spit forth their venom;

Their praise would be slander—their slander is praise;

Salt River expects them, and thither we'll send 'em,

To groan and lament on its desolate bays.

British Tories once said that our arms were defeated ;
 We met them and proved that their charge was untrue :
 From PERRY and HARRISON John Bull retreated,
 And SCOTT made the British retreat from him, too :
 And now when our foes have been shamed out of lying,
 'The Globe and its minions do make it their trade
 To slander his name who, where thousands were dying,
 Fought well for us all with his own trusty blade.

All those who feel grieved at our National glory,
 Will speak as the Globe and *its British friends* do—
 Will blacken the page of our national story,
 And vilely declare what they know is not true.
 Be theirs the base task to revile our defenders,
 No true-hearted son of America would
 Repeat the vile slang which the British "*Butt-enders*"
 Continued to utter as long as they could.

MOUNT VERNON once gave us a farmer to save us—
 His mantle, when dying, he left at North Bend ;
 While HARRISON wears it, no foe shall enslave us—
 From Tyrants and Despots he still will defend.
 Then rouse ye!—The Star-Spangled Banner waves o'er us
 Nine cheers for the Hero, and nine times *encore* ;
 Oppression is on us, but Freedom before us ;
 For Van and his minions shall rule us no more.

Yale College, May, 1840.

OUR HARRISON.

TUNE—" *The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

OH, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,
 With his warrior legions advancing to battle ?
 Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—and hark !
 Where the death dealing strokes of their rifle balls rattle,
 What is it they fear ?—'t is his name that they hear,
 With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear ;
 'T is the name of our HARRISON—long will it flame
 In letters of light on the banner of Fame !

How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,
 From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,
 As *she* mourns the sad fate of her innocent child,
 Torn from her, while blazens her desolate dwelling !

Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness calms,
 And restores, gaily smiling, her babe to her arms!
 Oh, say, 't is our HARRISON—long will his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

Rouse! rouse! to the battle! remember your sires;
 Their fame is immortal—and how have they gained it?
 They fought for their rights, and their own household fires,
 And the blood of a fallen foe never has stained it.
 Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,
 That the vanquished are safe from the American steel!
 Who spake thus? Our HARRISON—long may his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

The war cry is hushed, and the struggle is o'er;
 No longer in strife are the bayonets gleaming;
 For gallantly far on the sea and the shore,
 Is the star-spangled banner in victory streaming;
 And changes he now, the sharp sword for the plough,
 But green still the laurel that circles his brow!
 Then huzza! 't is our HARRISON—long will his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

TUNE—" *The Battle of the Nile.*"

ARISE! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And join in the shout of the Patriot throng,
 Arise! arise! sons of the West, arise,
 And let Freedom's walls re-echo with your song.
 For he will lead us on
 Who led us years ago,
 When he trod a foreign soil,
 Wreaking vengeance on the foe.

CHORUS.

And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue proclaims,
 And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue proclaims,
 Shall ever live in history, in poetry and song.
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza, boys,
 For him who fought for us, and never was known to yield.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your brethren of the East, are arousing in their might;
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And be ready now to aid them in the fight;
 For he will be our Chief,
 Who when danger was at hand,
 To the frontier brought relief,
 With his gallant western hand.
 And the Battle of the Thames, &c.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your liberties maintaining, your country now befriend,
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And gather round the Farmer of North Bend;
 For he will bring us aid,
 Who was Aide to gallant Wayne,
 When the Indian yell was heard,
 From every hill and plain.
 And the Battle of the Thames, &c.

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Business, Visiting and Marriage Cards Engraved and Printed with the utmost neatness.

GRAPHIC COURT,

(Rear of 221 Washington Street,)

BOSTON.

S. N. DICKINSON'S

EXTENSIVE PRINTING ROOMS,

At No. 52 Washington Street, Boston,

Where he will be happy to execute all orders for Printing, with which the public may favor him. His Office is very extensive and commodious, and so arranged that work can be done with the greatest facility. It is well supplied with all kinds of **PRINTING MATERIALS**, selected from the American, French and English Foundries. He has many beautiful **FLOWERS** and **DESIGNS** suitable for fine Fancy work, or for Bills of Exchange, Bank Checks, etc., etc. Many superb specimens of **GOLD PRINTING**, in his new style, may be seen at the Office.—This kind of Printing looks very rich, and is appropriate for Manufacturers' uses—to whom he would respectfully recommend it. His **ROTARY PRESSES**, for **CARD PRINTING**, execute these little and convenient affairs with the greatest neatness and despatch. The neatness of the work, and the **CHEAPNESS** with which **CARDS** may be done on these Presses have given them great reputation; it shall be the aim of the Proprietor to preserve this reputation in all cases. A great variety of **EMBOSSSED CARDS**, for Visiting or for Bridal Cards, also, many beautiful patterns for other purposes, constantly on hand. The Public, and such friends as may favor the Proprietor with their orders, shall have their work done to their entire satisfaction, and at prices as low as at any other establishment in the country.

he came from the
Stamford Puritans
the bluest of orthodox

Dear Mr Allen

Asa Fitz was
born in Candia N.H. Nov 1810
of parents whose ancestors settled in
Spanish Mass as early as 1630.

~~attended the ordinary schs of a New~~

Hamphire town till he was old
enough to enter Pembroke^{N.H.} Academy;
where he remained one or two terms.
After leaving Pembroke taught sch
in Amesbury Mass, & other places.
Was early interested in musical
matters - & when he came to Boston
in 1838 - taught singing schs in
Dorchester Roxbury & adjacent towns
about 1840 - in connection with the
C.B. Dearborn he compiled and
published one of the first singing
books that was designed for the
use of schs. Soon after this he
was invited & engaged by various

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and mostly illegible due to fading and the nature of the document.

towns & cities to introduce the study of music into their schs. Providence & Newport R.I. & various places in Mass used his services.

The Am. Sunday Sch. Union, located in Phila - employed him for a year in arranging music for their Sabbath hymn books & in introducing the same into the Sabbath schs. On his return to Boston about 1842. he continued his labors in the schs. of New Eng. - introducing his music books & in many instances giving instruction in the same. (Outside of Boston, this music teaching in schs. was then - for the first time inaugurated - I think) I can't find the date when he became associated with Horace Mann & Mrs. Foul in their labors in the Teachers Institutes

known to be the author of the
of the same title. The
The first of these is
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The hundredth is the

but I think it was about 1846
perhaps before. Possibly a volume
of the Common Sch. Journal of that
date might tell.

He ~~was~~ not only conducted the
Principal part of the Institute, but
he also took part in the other
exercises, lecturing upon Educational
topics, & outside of Mass he inaugurated
& conducted Teacher Institutes himself.
In 1847 he started a publishing house
in Boston for the publication of his
own & other educational works. At this
time he also commenced the publication
of "The Scholars Penny Gazette" ~~which~~
a portion of the contents of which were
contributed by scholars in the various
Schs of New Eng. It reached a large
circulation for those days - 5000 or
6000 - going into nearly every town in
New Eng. This business ^{did} ~~did~~ not

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to secure
 the necessary funds to carry out its
 policy of non-interference. This is
 due to the fact that the government
 has been unable to secure the necessary
 funds to carry out its policy of non-
 interference. This is due to the fact
 that the government has been unable
 to secure the necessary funds to carry
 out its policy of non-interference.

have proved very remunerative,
 but becoming engrossed in an outside
 speculation (Ice Land Co.) for
 want of his attention his legitimate
 business gradually waned away, &
 eventually the speculation proved
 ruinous. Since this date he
 has done but little in ~~the~~ his old
 line, altho, occasionally working
 at it. ~~The~~ The nos. of minor
 books which he compiled, amount to
 more than a score & I don't know
 but that 2 score would be nearer
 the no. "The Common School Song
 Book" "The American School-Hymn Book,"
 "The Parlor Harp" "The Chant &
 Service Book" were some of the
 titles.

There he Allen, there is about if
 not all the data I can furnish
 you. You can see what you

The first of these is the
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like of it. Of course you can recall
 his labors at the various Institutes
 you attended & his manner of
 teaching &c. I have heard that he
 was quite popular, & efficient in these
 services - & even a few facts with
 some of your own reminiscences
 would be very pleasant to us & his
 friends. I have frequently talked
 with him about his early labors,
 but never made any note of them,
 & of course recall them more in a
 general than a detailed manner.
 Of late years, & since his wife
 died (1855) he became interested in
 Spiritualism. I think ~~the~~ the
 death ~~of his wife~~ of our mother made
 a great difference in the man. He
 was never so stable of mind. The
 sheet anchor was gone. He was
 always genial & very social & I often

Resolved that in the late Asa F. J. the
teachers of Mass. Teachers Asso create a ^{public} recogni-
tion of a teacher to whom ~~the~~ ^{first} the ^{schools}
of Mass. & the country owe a debt of gratitude
for his earnest & efficient labors in introduc-
ing vocal music into the same.
Resolved that a copy of the above resolution
be sent to the two surviving children of
Mr. F. J.

numbered at his living in Prospect
 Hill, but he would not go elsewhere
 & I know that not for twenty years
 has he so enjoyed himself as he
 did there. Once a week he came
 to my house to get his ammunition
 or if he failed to come, we went up to
 find him. His last illness was I think
 caused by a severe internal strain
 which he got in working on his place.
 He had been hearty & vigorous all
 summer, & till this ~~week~~ accident
 & was good for 20 yrs. more, it
 seemed to me.

A few facts concerning his Educa-
 tional labors, with your filling in would
 make a very readable & valuable record
 of Father's labors. & your kind offer, I
 assure you is gratefully appreciated.

Yours Truly

Chas F Fitz.

Satisfaction
 Sep 8 1878

NOTES

Answer to Note 1932.

In answer to M. K., would say that I have the "American School Hymn Book," with the songs mentioned, but without the music. "Entered in Court," in 1854, by Asa Fitz. He was also the author of the "Common School Song Book" and "Songs for the Million," published by Crosby, Nichols & Co. in 1857 (111 Washington street). The music for the first named book will be found in "The Common School Song Book."

R. H. L.

Several inquiries have been made for the school song book by Asa Fitz. I have one for very young or primary scholars. The songs were to be given with exercises, for instance, in "Patter, patter, let it pour," by E. B. Dearborn, the scholars all strike the ends of the fingers on their desks, to imitate rainfall. The Washing Song—"So we wash all together," and many other songs, all to be acted out, as the various trades of the shoemaker, the blacksmith, tailor, etc., were worked out by mimicry. Mr. Fitz was the author of other song books for schools, such as "The Columbian Song Book" and "The School Songster," for larger scholars, where the songs called for may, I have no doubt, be found. The book will be loaned, if wanted.

W. R. B.

The songs called for may all be found in "The Common School Song Book," compiled by Asa Fitz, and first published in 1854. It was used in schools throughout the country about that period, and for many years after. I have a copy of the book in excellent condition.

M. A. R.

ant pastor, Rev. H. O. Hannum, at 7.30 P. M.

PARK STREET CHURCH. Dr. Withrow preaches at 10.30, and dispenses the Sacrament. Topic, 7.30, "Is Suicide Ever Justifiable?"

PHILLIPS CHURCH, Broadway, near Dorchester st., South Boston. The pastor, Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore, will preach at 10.30 A. M. and at 7.30 P. M.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Upham's Corner, Dorchester. Rev. W. H. Allbright, D. D., pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Communion and reception of members. Sunday school, 12. Evening service at 7.30; topic, "Conventions and Crime." Romsey Chapel services as usual. Preaching by Dr. Charles P. Colt at 7.30.

ROXBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, cor. Warren and Woodbine sts. Rev. J. J. Dunlop, pastor. 10.30, "The Cure for the Blues." 7.30, Rev. Howard B. Grose; subject, "The Christian Endeavor Convention of 1950." Young people specially invited.

SHAWMUT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Tremont and Brookline streets. Rev. William T. McElveen, Ph. D., pastor. At 10.30 A. M. Communion service, admission of members and sermon on "Coming to the Father." Sunday school at 12.15. Christian Endeavor meeting at 6.30 P. M. At 7.30 P. M., musical service. Anthem, "I Will Extol Thee," Parker; quartet, "Lo, It is I," Dunham; sacred cantata, "The Wilderness," Goss. Organ music, "Andante Cantabile," by Tchaikowsky, and "Marche Religieuse," by Adam. Seats free. All welcome.

THE SECOND PART of the Oratorio of "The Creation" will be rendered by quartet and chorus at Immanuel Church, Moreland and Copeland streets, Roxbury, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 4.30 P. M. Doors open at 4.15.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Columbus ave. and West Newton st. Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. by the pastor, Rev. Samuel Lane Loomis, D. D. Sunday school at 12 Y. P. S. C. E., 6.30 P. M.

most accurate portrait of the
about three pages.

Rev. Rowland D. T.
most distinguished

FITZ'S SCHOOL TABLES. No. 1.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

SET TO MUSIC BY ASA FITZ.



Two times 1 are 2, Two times 2 are 4, Two times 3 are 6, Two times 4 are 8,
Two times 5 are 10, Two times 6 are 12, Two times 7 are 14, Two times 8 are 16,
Two times 9 are 18, Two times 10 are 20, Two times 11 are 22, Two times 12 are 24.

CHORUS. AIR, *Yankee Doodle*.

Five times 5 are 25, and 6 times 5 are 30;
Seven times 5 are 35, and 8 times 5 are 40;
Nine times 5 are 45, and 10 times 5 are 50;
Eleven times 5 are 55, and 12 times 5 are 60.

3 times 1 are 3	4 times 1 are 4	5 times 1 are 5	6 times 1 are 6	7 times 1 are 7
3 times 2 are 6	4 times 2 are 8	5 times 2 are 10	6 times 2 are 12	7 times 2 are 14
3 times 3 are 9	4 times 3 are 12	5 times 3 are 15	6 times 3 are 18	7 times 3 are 21
3 times 4 are 12	4 times 4 are 16	5 times 4 are 20	6 times 4 are 24	7 times 4 are 28
3 times 5 are 15	4 times 5 are 20	5 times 5 are 25	6 times 5 are 30	7 times 5 are 35
3 times 6 are 18	4 times 6 are 24	5 times 6 are 30	6 times 6 are 36	7 times 6 are 42
3 times 7 are 21	4 times 7 are 28	5 times 7 are 35	6 times 7 are 42	7 times 7 are 49
3 times 8 are 24	4 times 8 are 32	5 times 8 are 40	6 times 8 are 48	7 times 8 are 56
3 times 9 are 27	4 times 9 are 36	5 times 9 are 45	6 times 9 are 54	7 times 9 are 63
3 times 10 are 30	4 times 10 are 40	5 times 10 are 50	6 times 10 are 60	7 times 10 are 70
3 times 11 are 33	4 times 11 are 44	5 times 11 are 55	6 times 11 are 66	7 times 11 are 77
3 times 12 are 36	4 times 12 are 48	5 times 12 are 60	6 times 12 are 72	7 times 12 are 84
8 times 1 are 8	9 times 1 are 9	10 times 1 are 10	11 times 1 are 11	12 times 1 are 12
8 times 2 are 16	9 times 2 are 18	10 times 2 are 20	11 times 2 are 22	12 times 2 are 24
8 times 3 are 24	9 times 3 are 27	10 times 3 are 30	11 times 3 are 33	12 times 3 are 36
8 times 4 are 32	9 times 4 are 36	10 times 4 are 40	11 times 4 are 44	12 times 4 are 48
8 times 5 are 40	9 times 5 are 45	10 times 5 are 50	11 times 5 are 55	12 times 5 are 60
8 times 6 are 48	9 times 6 are 54	10 times 6 are 60	11 times 6 are 66	12 times 6 are 72
8 times 7 are 56	9 times 7 are 63	10 times 7 are 70	11 times 7 are 77	12 times 7 are 84
8 times 8 are 64	9 times 8 are 72	10 times 8 are 80	11 times 8 are 88	12 times 8 are 96
8 times 9 are 72	9 times 9 are 81	10 times 9 are 90	11 times 9 are 99	12 times 9 are 108
8 times 10 are 80	9 times 10 are 90	10 times 10 are 100	11 times 10 are 110	12 times 10 are 120
8 times 11 are 88	9 times 11 are 99	10 times 11 are 110	11 times 11 are 121	12 times 11 are 132
8 times 12 are 96	9 times 12 are 108	10 times 12 are 120	11 times 12 are 132	12 times 12 are 144

NOTE.—The following exercise is connected with the singing. Strike both fists on the desks on the first accented note; then strike the lungs on the next note but one, the third in the measure; then strike the fists on the desk on the first note in the second measure; then throw them down on the third note of this measure; then strike them again on the desks on the first note of the third measure; then up on the third note of the same; then bring them down on the desks on the first note of the fourth measure, and strike once on each note. Then repeat the same while singing the remainder of the number. After this, sing the chorus, with the following exercise:—Strike the elbows on the desk four times on the accented notes of the first line; then clap hands, in front, four times, on the accented notes of the second line; then strike the fists on the desks four times on the accented notes of the third line; then clap, over the head, four times, on the fourth line; then repeat the same while singing the other lines of the number. If other motions are preferred, the teacher can use them.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by ASA FITZ, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

PUBLISHED BY D. C. COLESWORTHY, 63 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

ADDITION TABLE.

1 and 1 are 2	2 and 1 are 3	3 and 1 are 4	4 and 1 are 5	5 and 1 are 6	6 and 1 are 7
1 and 2 are 3	2 and 2 are 4	3 and 2 are 5	4 and 2 are 6	5 and 2 are 7	6 and 2 are 8
1 and 3 are 4	2 and 3 are 5	3 and 3 are 6	4 and 3 are 7	5 and 3 are 8	6 and 3 are 9
1 and 4 are 5	2 and 4 are 6	3 and 4 are 7	4 and 4 are 8	5 and 4 are 9	6 and 4 are 10
1 and 5 are 6	2 and 5 are 7	3 and 5 are 8	4 and 5 are 9	5 and 5 are 10	6 and 5 are 11
1 and 6 are 7	2 and 6 are 8	3 and 6 are 9	4 and 6 are 10	5 and 6 are 11	6 and 6 are 12
1 and 7 are 8	2 and 7 are 9	3 and 7 are 10	4 and 7 are 11	5 and 7 are 12	6 and 7 are 13
1 and 8 are 9	2 and 8 are 10	3 and 8 are 11	4 and 8 are 12	5 and 8 are 13	6 and 8 are 14
1 and 9 are 10	2 and 9 are 11	3 and 9 are 12	4 and 9 are 13	5 and 9 are 14	6 and 9 are 15
1 and 10 are 11	2 and 10 are 12	3 and 10 are 13	4 and 10 are 14	5 and 10 are 15	6 and 10 are 16
1 and 11 are 12	2 and 11 are 13	3 and 11 are 14	4 and 11 are 15	5 and 11 are 16	6 and 11 are 17
1 and 12 are 13	2 and 12 are 14	3 and 12 are 15	4 and 12 are 16	5 and 12 are 17	6 and 12 are 18
7 and 1 are 8	8 and 1 are 9	9 and 1 are 10	10 and 1 are 11	11 and 1 are 12	12 and 1 are 13
7 and 2 are 9	8 and 2 are 10	9 and 2 are 11	10 and 2 are 12	11 and 2 are 13	12 and 2 are 14
7 and 3 are 10	8 and 3 are 11	9 and 3 are 12	10 and 3 are 13	11 and 3 are 14	12 and 3 are 15
7 and 4 are 11	8 and 4 are 12	9 and 4 are 13	10 and 4 are 14	11 and 4 are 15	12 and 4 are 16
7 and 5 are 12	8 and 5 are 13	9 and 5 are 14	10 and 5 are 15	11 and 5 are 16	12 and 5 are 17
7 and 6 are 13	8 and 6 are 14	9 and 6 are 15	10 and 6 are 16	11 and 6 are 17	12 and 6 are 18
7 and 7 are 14	8 and 7 are 15	9 and 7 are 16	10 and 7 are 17	11 and 7 are 18	12 and 7 are 19
7 and 8 are 15	8 and 8 are 16	9 and 8 are 17	10 and 8 are 18	11 and 8 are 19	12 and 8 are 20
7 and 9 are 16	8 and 9 are 17	9 and 9 are 18	10 and 9 are 19	11 and 9 are 20	12 and 9 are 21
7 and 10 are 17	8 and 10 are 18	9 and 10 are 19	10 and 10 are 20	11 and 10 are 21	12 and 10 are 22
7 and 11 are 18	8 and 11 are 19	9 and 11 are 20	10 and 11 are 21	11 and 11 are 22	12 and 11 are 23
7 and 12 are 19	8 and 12 are 20	9 and 12 are 21	10 and 12 are 22	11 and 12 are 23	12 and 12 are 24

SUBTRACTION TABLE.

1 from 1 leaves 0	2 f'm 2 le. 0	3 f'm 3 le. 0	4 f'm 4 le. 0	5 f'm 5 le. 0	6 f'm 6 le. 0
1 from 2 leaves 1	2 f'm 3 le. 1	3 f'm 4 le. 1	4 f'm 5 le. 1	5 f'm 6 le. 1	6 f'm 7 le. 1
1 from 3 leaves 2	2 f'm 4 le. 2	3 f'm 5 le. 2	4 f'm 6 le. 2	5 f'm 7 le. 2	6 f'm 8 le. 2
1 from 4 leaves 3	2 f'm 5 le. 3	3 f'm 6 le. 3	4 f'm 7 le. 3	5 f'm 8 le. 3	6 f'm 9 le. 3
1 from 5 leaves 4	2 f'm 6 le. 4	3 f'm 7 le. 4	4 f'm 8 le. 4	5 f'm 9 le. 4	6 f'm 10 le. 4
1 from 6 leaves 5	2 f'm 7 le. 5	3 f'm 8 le. 5	4 f'm 9 le. 5	5 f'm 10 le. 5	6 f'm 11 le. 5
1 from 7 leaves 6	2 f'm 8 le. 6	3 f'm 9 le. 6	4 f'm 10 le. 6	5 f'm 11 le. 6	6 f'm 12 le. 6
1 from 8 leaves 7	2 f'm 9 le. 7	3 f'm 10 le. 7	4 f'm 11 le. 7	5 f'm 12 le. 7	6 f'm 13 le. 7
1 from 9 leaves 8	2 f'm 10 le. 8	3 f'm 11 le. 8	4 f'm 12 le. 8	5 f'm 13 le. 8	6 f'm 14 le. 8
1 from 10 leaves 9	2 f'm 11 le. 9	3 f'm 12 le. 9	4 f'm 13 le. 9	5 f'm 14 le. 9	6 f'm 15 le. 9
1 from 11 leaves 10	2 f'm 12 le. 10	3 f'm 13 le. 10	4 f'm 14 le. 10	5 f'm 15 le. 10	6 f'm 16 le. 10
1 from 12 leaves 11	2 f'm 13 le. 11	3 f'm 14 le. 11	4 f'm 15 le. 11	5 f'm 16 le. 11	6 f'm 17 le. 11

7 from 7 leaves	0	8 f'm 8 le.	0	9 f'm 9 le.	0	10 f'm 10 le.	0	11 f'm 11 le.	0	12 f'm 12 le.	0
7 from 8 leaves	1	8 f'm 9 le.	1	9 f'm 10 le.	1	10 f'm 11 le.	1	11 f'm 12 le.	1	12 f'm 13 le.	1
7 from 9 leaves	2	8 f'm 10 le.	2	9 f'm 11 le.	2	10 f'm 12 le.	2	11 f'm 13 le.	2	12 f'm 14 le.	2
7 from 10 leaves	3	8 f'm 11 le.	3	9 f'm 12 le.	3	10 f'm 13 le.	3	11 f'm 14 le.	3	12 f'm 15 le.	3
7 from 11 leaves	4	8 f'm 12 le.	4	9 f'm 13 le.	4	10 f'm 14 le.	4	11 f'm 15 le.	4	12 f'm 16 le.	4
7 from 12 leaves	5	8 f'm 13 le.	5	9 f'm 14 le.	5	10 f'm 15 le.	5	11 f'm 16 le.	5	12 f'm 17 le.	5
7 from 13 leaves	6	8 f'm 14 le.	6	9 f'm 15 le.	6	10 f'm 16 le.	6	11 f'm 17 le.	6	12 f'm 18 le.	6
7 from 14 leaves	7	8 f'm 15 le.	7	9 f'm 16 le.	7	10 f'm 17 le.	7	11 f'm 18 le.	7	12 f'm 19 le.	7
7 from 15 leaves	8	8 f'm 16 le.	8	9 f'm 17 le.	8	10 f'm 18 le.	8	11 f'm 19 le.	8	12 f'm 20 le.	8
7 from 16 leaves	9	8 f'm 17 le.	9	9 f'm 18 le.	9	10 f'm 19 le.	9	11 f'm 20 le.	9	12 f'm 21 le.	9
7 from 17 leaves	10	8 f'm 18 le.	10	9 f'm 19 le.	10	10 f'm 20 le.	10	11 f'm 21 le.	10	12 f'm 22 le.	10
7 from 18 leaves	11	8 f'm 19 le.	11	9 f'm 20 le.	11	10 f'm 21 le.	11	11 f'm 22 le.	11	12 f'm 23 le.	11

DIVISION TABLE.

2 in 2 will go	3 in 3 will go	4 in 4 will go	5 in 5 will go	6 in 6 will go	7 in 7 will go
<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>
2 in 4 2 times	3 in 6 2 times	4 in 8 2 times	5 in 10 2 times	6 in 12 2 times	7 in 14 2 times
2 in 6 3 times	3 in 9 3 times	4 in 12 3 times	5 in 15 3 times	6 in 18 3 times	7 in 21 3 times
2 in 8 4 times	3 in 12 4 times	4 in 16 4 times	5 in 20 4 times	6 in 24 4 times	7 in 28 4 times
2 in 10 5 times	3 in 15 5 times	4 in 20 5 times	5 in 25 5 times	6 in 30 5 times	7 in 35 5 times
2 in 12 6 times	3 in 18 6 times	4 in 24 6 times	5 in 30 6 times	6 in 36 6 times	7 in 42 6 times
2 in 14 7 times	3 in 21 7 times	4 in 28 7 times	5 in 35 7 times	6 in 42 7 times	7 in 49 7 times
2 in 16 8 times	3 in 24 8 times	4 in 32 8 times	5 in 40 8 times	6 in 48 8 times	7 in 56 8 times
2 in 18 9 times	3 in 27 9 times	4 in 36 9 times	5 in 45 9 times	6 in 54 9 times	7 in 63 9 times
2 in 20 10 times	3 in 30 10 times	4 in 40 10 times	5 in 50 10 times	6 in 60 10 times	7 in 70 10 times
2 in 22 11 times	3 in 33 11 times	4 in 44 11 times	5 in 55 11 times	6 in 66 11 times	7 in 77 11 times
2 in 24 12 times	3 in 36 12 times	4 in 48 12 times	5 in 60 12 times	6 in 72 12 times	7 in 84 12 times

8 in 8 will go	9 in 9 will go	10 in 10 will go	11 in 11 will go	12 in 12 will go
<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>once</i>
8 in 16 2 times	9 in 18 2 times	10 in 20 2 times	11 in 22 2 times	12 in 24 2 times
8 in 24 3 times	9 in 27 3 times	10 in 30 3 times	11 in 33 3 times	12 in 36 3 times
8 in 32 4 times	9 in 36 4 times	10 in 40 4 times	11 in 44 4 times	12 in 48 4 times
8 in 40 5 times	9 in 45 5 times	10 in 50 5 times	11 in 55 5 times	12 in 60 5 times
8 in 48 6 times	9 in 54 6 times	10 in 60 6 times	11 in 66 6 times	12 in 72 6 times
8 in 56 7 times	9 in 63 7 times	10 in 70 7 times	11 in 77 7 times	12 in 84 7 times
8 in 64 8 times	9 in 72 8 times	10 in 80 8 times	11 in 88 8 times	12 in 96 8 times
8 in 72 9 times	9 in 81 9 times	10 in 90 9 times	11 in 99 9 times	12 in 108 9 times
8 in 80 10 times	9 in 90 10 times	10 in 100 10 times	11 in 110 10 times	12 in 120 10 times
8 in 88 11 times	9 in 99 11 times	10 in 110 11 times	11 in 121 11 times	12 in 132 11 times
8 in 96 12 times	9 in 108 12 times	10 in 120 12 times	11 in 132 12 times	12 in 144 12 times

MULTIPLICATION TABLE, FROM 13 TO 25.

13 times	14 times	15 times	16 times	17 times	18 times	19 times	20 times	21 times	22 times	23 times	24 times	25 times
1 are 13	1 are 14	1 are 15	1 are 16	1 are 17	1 are 18	1 are 19	1 are 20	1 are 21	1 are 22	1 are 23	1 are 24	1 are 25
2 26	2 28	2 30	2 32	2 34	2 36	2 38	2 40	2 42	2 44	2 46	2 48	2 50
3 39	3 42	3 45	3 48	3 51	3 54	3 57	3 60	3 63	3 66	3 69	3 72	3 75
4 52	4 56	4 60	4 64	4 68	4 72	4 76	4 80	4 84	4 88	4 92	4 96	4 100
5 65	5 70	5 75	5 80	5 85	5 90	5 95	5 100	5 105	5 110	5 115	5 120	5 125
6 78	6 84	6 90	6 96	6 102	6 108	6 114	6 120	6 126	6 132	6 138	6 144	6 150
7 91	7 98	7 105	7 112	7 119	7 126	7 133	7 140	7 147	7 154	7 161	7 168	7 175
8 104	8 112	8 120	8 128	8 136	8 144	8 152	8 160	8 168	8 176	8 184	8 192	8 200
9 117	9 126	9 135	9 144	9 153	9 162	9 171	9 180	9 189	9 198	9 207	9 216	9 225
10 130	10 140	10 150	10 160	10 170	10 180	10 190	10 200	10 210	10 220	10 230	10 240	10 250
11 143	11 154	11 165	11 176	11 187	11 198	11 209	11 220	11 231	11 242	11 253	11 264	11 275
12 156	12 168	12 180	12 192	12 204	12 216	12 228	12 240	12 252	12 264	12 276	12 288	12 300
13 169	13 182	13 195	13 208	13 221	13 234	13 247	13 260	13 273	13 286	13 299	13 312	13 325
14 182	14 196	14 210	14 224	14 238	14 252	14 266	14 280	14 294	14 308	14 322	14 336	14 350
15 195	15 210	15 225	15 240	15 255	15 270	15 285	15 300	15 315	15 330	15 345	15 360	15 375
16 208	16 224	16 240	16 256	16 272	16 288	16 304	16 320	16 336	16 352	16 368	16 384	16 400
17 221	17 238	17 255	17 272	17 289	17 306	17 323	17 340	17 357	17 374	17 391	17 408	17 425
18 234	18 252	18 270	18 288	18 306	18 324	18 342	18 360	18 378	18 396	18 414	18 432	18 450
19 247	19 266	19 285	19 304	19 323	19 342	19 361	19 380	19 399	19 418	19 437	19 456	19 475
20 260	20 280	20 300	20 320	20 340	20 360	20 380	20 400	20 420	20 440	20 460	20 480	20 500
21 273	21 294	21 315	21 336	21 357	21 378	21 399	21 420	21 441	21 462	21 483	21 504	21 525
22 286	22 308	22 330	22 352	22 374	22 396	22 418	22 440	22 462	22 484	22 506	22 528	22 550
23 299	23 322	23 345	23 368	23 391	23 414	23 437	23 460	23 483	23 506	23 529	23 552	23 575
24 312	24 336	24 360	24 384	24 408	24 432	24 456	24 480	24 504	24 528	24 552	24 576	24 600
25 325	25 350	25 375	25 400	25 425	25 450	25 475	25 500	25 525	25 550	25 575	25 600	25 625

NUMERICAL LETTERS.

I. 1	V. 5	IX. 9	XIII. 13	XVII. 17	XX. 30	LXX. 70	CC. 200	DC. 600	M. 1000
II. 2	VI. 6	X. 10	XIV. 14	XVIII. 18	XL. 40	LXXX. 80	CCC. 300	DCC. 700	MC. 1100
III. 3	VII. 7	XI. 11	XV. 15	XIX. 19	L. 50	XC. 90	CCCC. 400	DCCC. 800	MCC. 1200
IV. 4	VIII. 8	XII. 12	XVI. 16	XX. 20	LX. 60	C. 100	D. 500	DCCC. 900	MCCC. 1300

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—The Dramatic Song-Book: Chant and Hymn Service for Schools; The School Drama. BY ASA FITZ.

The Late Asa Fitz.

The death of this eccentric individual, better known as the "Waltham hermit," at the age of 67, which occurred at Watertown the 3d inst., notice of which appeared in the last issue of the *Free Press*, recalls some earlier reminiscences in his life, when, as a pioneer in this work, he took active part in introducing singing as a daily exercise in our public schools some thirty-five years ago. The writer, then a lad attending school in District No. 3, (Trapelo) well remembers the enthusiasm he created by his appearance in that, as also other schools in town, and the introduction for school use of a book containing some 150 pages, (with an Introductory addressed "To the Public" and "To Teachers," full of valuable suggestions), entitled, "The American School Song Book," bearing his name as author. Many of the tunes were composed, and some of the words were written by himself, bearing evidence of his ability as a musical writer, and of one well calculated to present music not only as an art, but of sufficient importance to elicit the encouragement of parents and teachers, at the same time render school hours to pass more pleasantly than otherwise they would, had not music been placed before them so attractively as Mr. Fitz was enabled to do, by his cheerful presence, aided by the use of his little book.

To show that Mr. Fitz was a man earnest in his work and possessing fine religious susceptibilities at the time when his work was published, a few quotations are here given from his 'Introduction to Teachers,' upon the

appearance, in 1845, of the second edition of his book, enlarged and improved. He then said:

"Singing for morning and evening devotion I consider to be one of the most interesting exercises of our schools. The singing of a sacred hymn in the morning prepares the mind for serious and thoughtful contemplation of the subsequent duties of the day, and a hymn of a similar character at the close of the school, fits the pupil to depart in peace, and in fellowship with all around."

To a visitor upon our public schools at the present time, where singing and music are considered equally as important as other branches of study, the following words of Mr. Fitz, spoken many years ago appear like prophecy:

"The time is fast approaching when music will be taught in all our High and Grammar Schools as a science, or as one of the ornamental branches. *

* * The influence which music exerts over the character of the pupils in our schools is of so salutary a nature that very few persons, even at the present time, can be found who are opposed to the almost universal introduction of it into the schools of our land."

His life was spared long enough to witness the literal fulfilment of his words, uttered so long before, and the thanks of a grateful community no doubt sufficiently awarded him.

Today, in a brighter and holier sphere of existence, we trust he is verifying the language of one of his own beautiful hymns, entitled, "Lightly be our Evening Song," the last verse of which follows:

"There may God's Almighty hand,
Whose power defends,
Lead me to that better land
Where sorrow ends;
Thus may hope, my guiding star,
Point me to that world afar."

W.

Mr. Asa Fitz.

The announcement of the death of the so-called "hermit" last week was premature; his decease occurred at Watertown, Tuesday evening last, at 8.30, when he quietly and unconsciously passed away, ending a busy life of 67 years and 9 months' duration. His remains were taken to Candia, N. H. for interment, where his wife and other members of his family are resting. Over five weeks ago he was found suffering from a severe cold, and complained of internal pains. He was deported to the residence of his son at Watertown, where care and watchfulness, with a robust constitution, enabled him to weather what proved to be pneumonia; but the internal injuries, strains from hard labor, and lifting around his domicile, were the cause of his final taking off.

He was well known in almost every town in New England as a music teacher and publisher, was associated in his early life with Horace Mann as an educator. In later life he made ventures in literature and business of various kinds, not always with success, but finally, as he expressed himself, "with a determination to be independent, not to be indebted and fail, and pay ten cents on the dollar, as many were around him; he came to Waltham to demonstrate the way to live within means," and he undoubtedly accomplished that result on Prospect Hill; growing also in substance; taking in a good share of enjoyment in his daily labors, in his quaint way of farming, and still quainter method of building;

never lonesome, as many suppose; an empty mind might have been so, but his was the fruition of a lifetime of study and contact with the world, and was constant companionship "Lonesome! Why, I meet and have the company of more people than any man in Waltham every day, and when asleep I need no company. If I felt so, my seventeen papers a week would relieve it, but I don't have time to be so." His advent here was a novelty; the friends of his former years, and many in our midst, hearing of his abode upon the "hill," came from far and near; and hundreds visited him who were received with a welcome and geniality that never deserted him. The extent and variety of acquaintance was somewhat marvelous, yet all was laudatory of the "doctor's" merits. Being an extensive reader, he was profitable as a conversationalist. A varied thinker, he was an instructive propounder of his peculiar theories, which were expressed in well chosen words, and always commanded a respectful attention. Through his cordiality and affability he made a host of friends during his two years' stay with us. In the home circle it is said of him, he was always kind, and never known to manifest anger; was of rare integrity, persevering and wonderfully patient. He did not live for himself alone, but endeavored to leave the world the better for his having been one of its inhabitants, and the fact of his having succeeded in his worthy endeavor, redounds to his future memory

Morrison 1878 J. M.

Waltham Mass Sep 6

1878 SEP 6

